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## NOTES.

AS the time for the meeting of Parliament draws near the successes of our Foreign policy grow in number and importance. In spite of the menaces of the Russian fleet a couple of British warships entered Port Arthur, and, doubtless, Mr. Curzon will be prepared with a patriotic peroration on this text. It is true that a few days later Lord Salisbury withdrew the British ships from Port Arthur, but that only shows that we can enter—and leave—Port Arthur when we like. In the same spirit Lord Salisbury informed the Chinese Government that we wished Ta-lien-wan to be made an open port. The Russians objected to this, and forthwith the English Government withdrew the demand. As the "Times" says, with much dignity, in one of its leading articles, the chief concern of English policy is the maintenance of peace, and it cannot be denied that to give in when opposed, and to run away on every possible occasion, is the surest way of maintaining peace.

Lord George Hamilton, too, will have an easy task when he is challenged in Parliament on the results of the "Forward Policy" on the North-West frontier of India. We threatened the independence of the tribes, and stirred up a most formidable revolt without a shadow of provocation. We have put twice as many British soldiers in the field as we had at Waterloo, and at an enormous cost we have injured even our prestige as a fighting race. But then poor India will have to bear the cost, and the quarrels of Sir William Lockhart with his Assistant Generals will be forgotten as quickly as our defeats. This week, for instance, the British force was beaten near Maimani simply because a company or two of Sikhs, that had been holding the key of the position, were withdrawn too soon, and the whole force had to retreat precipitately, leaving the bodies of their comrades to the mercies of the enemy. But Lord George Hamilton will no doubt tell the House that here and there on the frontier our commerce has increased, and with this poor solatium we must endeavour to console ourselves.

It is unfortunate that the Indian tribe with whom, of all others, it is of most importance to us to come to terms, is the one tribe which obstinately refuses to be either reconciled or subdued. So long as the Afridis are hostile, the Khaibar Pass must be more or less closed to public traffic. Sir William Lockhart, if he is correctly reported, seems to think that there will not be much more fighting in the spring. No doubt he knows what he is talking about on this subject. But between this and then two or three months intervene; and the spectacle offered to the Amir and to his subjects of the Khaibar closed against the British for more than half a year by a single section of one tribe is not calculated to give them much confidence in our power of in-

definitely controlling all the passes whatsoever. This will necessarily be of the more importance in their eyes, as according to the strategy of the forward school, Afghanistan is apparently to be defended against Russia on its Eastern not on its Western frontier. That school, and its eminent if now somewhat discredited leader, have turned so many of our preconceived notions about India upside-down, that we need not wonder at this last Alice-in-Wonderland happy thought of securing Afghanistan against a front attack from Central Asia by a strategical movement confined to its rear. The notion of combating a Russian irruption on the West by the British seizure of all the passes on the East of Afghanistan is a conception which may lead Abdurrahman to regret that he ever troubled us with the engagement to assist him.

Among the satellites of the New Light is Major Young-husband, and any one who wishes to know what are the aims of the military rulers of India, and in what fashion they reason, cannot do better than study the gallant Major's article in the last "Nineteenth Century," on the pacification of the Indian border. The plan proposed is the disarmament of all the tribes. That is all. It is simple as good morning, as our neighbours say. It cannot, of course, be carried out without administrative control, or maintained without incorporation of tribal country into British rule. It will add a few millions annually to Indian expenditure, and it will bring a few thousand barren square miles of mountain, and many thousand irreconcilable fanatics, under the British flag. But it will secure us from an occasional raid every third year or so, from the loss of a few cattle, and from the taunts of tribal grey-beards. Of course the man in the street knows well enough nowadays that the repelling of raids is merely a pretext and a veil, and that since the conclusion of the Durand agreement any stick is good enough to thrash an alien with whose country lies between our frontier and Kabul. The serious side of the matter is that this is just the kind of argument which obtains ready official hearing at Simla, and if we are in a mess at this moment it is because, by the counsels of such extravagant militarists as Major Younghusband, the Government of India has been largely directed in its efforts to solve the frontier problem.

The other day Lord Wolseley declared that we had two Army Corps ready for service, fit to go anywhere and to do anything sooner than we could find ships to transport them. And now comes Sir Charles Dilke (whose trustworthiness in matters of fact is proverbial), to riddle the foolishly optimistic assertions of the Commander-in-Chief and his parliamentary associates. In his usual manner, Sir C. Dilke clenches his argument by examples. He says: "Three batteries were ordered for service in South Africa. The three batteries selected were the first for service—those in the highest state of

preparation for war—officially called in the House of Commons, 'Complete in every respect.' Mr. Brodrick also used the phrase, 'fully equipped in every respect.' It came out that these batteries, which were in the first army corps, on the higher establishment, and supposed to be fit for service, required about twice as many men and three times as many horses as they actually possessed to be drafted into them from other batteries. They ought to have required twenty-seven men to complete. Instead of that they actually required 189 men to complete. The horses were taken from twenty other batteries, and the War Office thus destroyed the efficiency of the batteries from which they were drawn."

Nor is this the most serious clause of Sir Charles Dilke's indictment of the present system. He says: "This condition of the Royal Artillery constitutes the most absolutely disgraceful charge. . . . In other countries horses are not counted as fit for war under six years of age. We count them at five. We have only, in the whole of our British establishment of cavalry and artillery and mounted infantry together, 10,000 horses between five and thirteen years of age; and the number of such horses, and the total number of horses in the artillery, taken by itself, have greatly decreased in recent years. In the last twenty years, for example (but the decrease has been steady, and has lasted more than twenty years), the horses of our artillery of all ages have declined from 6000 to very little over 4000 in number; and in the meantime the Army has increased; while it must be remembered that for the Militia and Volunteers there has never been any horse or field artillery at all. The horses required for the artillery at home are nearly 8000, or double the total number of all ages, fit or not fit for war, which are maintained. The deficiency of cavalry horses is even more startling than the deficiency in artillery. The cavalry at home would require for war between 9000 and 10,000 horses, and they possess about 3600 horses between six and fourteen years of age." Is it possible that the Government, in face of these facts, will ask Parliament for more money for the Army, when twenty millions are spent yearly by the War Office with the result that, in the opinion of the best judges, our Army is not half as strong as the Army of Roumania, which costs very little more than we spend upon our cavalry.

The rumour that Lord Salisbury was about to resign one or other of his offices in the Government was revived on Monday. It was promptly contradicted by one of his secretaries. We must, of course, accept the denial; but, equally of course, we may assume that it was made, to meet the need of the moment, with certain mental reservations not incompatible with the truth. It may have meant only that Lord Salisbury would not seek freedom to-morrow or in the first week of the coming Session. In any case, if he did mean to resign either of his offices, he could not sanction any announcement to that effect before the Sovereign had acceded to his wish. The truth we believe to be that, having a grave domestic anxiety, Lord Salisbury finds his two portfolios a burden too great to be borne; but that he has reasons for wishing to give up neither. If he ceased to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he would still, as Prime Minister, be responsible for the conduct of his successor, and thus, practically, remain as much over-weighted as he has been. On the other hand, if he resigned the office of Prime Minister, by whom would he be succeeded? There is a disposition to believe that it would not be by Mr. Balfour. The alternative would be a Unionist-Liberal, and that would be very unacceptable to the Conservatives both in Parliament and in the country.

Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech was very precise as to the work of the coming session. Irish Local Government, Army Reform and London Municipal Government are the three points of the programme, which is quite lengthy enough, when we take into consideration the number of full-dress debates there are certain to be on foreign affairs. Since the Bulgarian, Afghan and Transvaal debates of the later seventies and earlier eighties we have hardly known what a real hammer and tongs debate was except on the Home Rule question;

but this year the North-West Frontier, China, Egypt and West and South Africa will all be causes of long and tedious argument. The Government cannot complain that they have not been allowed a free hand in foreign affairs—never was Foreign Minister so trusted as Lord Salisbury since Palmerston's time, and if the results have not come up to expectation it will be preposterous to blame the Opposition.

The only real danger in the way of Irish Local Government lies in the unreasoning hatred and suspicion with which the Irish landlords have come to regard the brothers Balfour. This is really one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern politics. It is not simply that those who, ten years ago, hailed Mr. Arthur Balfour as their saviour now differ from him in opinion on this point or that. Any one who has visited Ireland during the last six months, and has seen much of the rent-receiving class, knows that it is filled with an intense personal animosity that will stick at nothing for the purpose of tripping the Irish Government. The landlords alone, of course, are without political power, but they have artfully made use of the suggestion for a Catholic University to influence the imaginations of the Ulster Orangemen with visions of the Scarlet Woman in her hour of triumph; and consequently the Rev. Dr. Kane and Lord Londonderry and Colonel Saunderson will control a dozen votes or so, and will be a thorn in the side of the Government. Irish politics are never without their comical aspect.

The third session of a Parliament is often as crucial a point in its fate as the third act of a play, and more than one question gives cause for forebodings as to the course and issue of the session that opens next week. In domestic affairs the outlook is abundantly safe, the Opposition being in such a state of abject confusion and weakness that they dare not move. Indeed, if Lord Lansdowne has the courage to take a vigorous "forward" line on Army Reform, that may do much to counteract dangerous developments in other quarters. But unless Lord Salisbury does something to reassure his own followers, not to speak of his opponents, as regards our position in the Far East, there will be serious trouble. The report that he had once more backed out in face of Russian threats sent the Tories wild with fury, not merely the professional club grumblers, but the sturdy North Country and Midland Tories who have such a large stake in the trade of China. In Corea, thanks to Mr. McLeavy Brown, who is not directly under Lord Salisbury's orders, we appear to stand firm.

As to the cause of the alleged collapse of the "hands off" policy (we can only go by allegations, as the Government has left the country entirely in the dark), there are various speculations. Some say that the Queen is determined to sanction nothing that will involve even the possibility of trouble with her illustrious relatives in St. Petersburg and Berlin, and that the meaning of Prince Henry's visit to England was to work on the Queen's feelings in this respect. Others will have it that Lord Salisbury's increasing lethargy, and his indifference to everything except Lady Salisbury's health, incline him always to play the easy game of "splitting the difference," and that the accumulation of foreign difficulties sprung on him at once has overpowered him. One thing is certain, the Tories are in a dangerous condition of suppressed revolt, and if they can find a leader they will make the pace hot for Mr. Balfour and Mr. Curzon. But of course Providence, in the shape of Sir Ashmead Bartlett and Sir Howard Vincent, may intervene, for the members for Sheffield have an unhappy knack of making ridiculous the causes which they champion.

The bye-elections of the week have been favourable to the Government. South Wolverhampton has returned Mr. J. L. Gibbons, Unionist-Liberal, by 4115 votes against the 4004 recorded for Mr. G. R. Thorne, Radical. Mr. Villiers having represented the place since before the Reform Bill, South Wolverhampton was practically an untested constituency. It is, however, largely Nonconformist and largely Labour, and



thus its verdict is important as indicating that the Opposition is making little progress among the very classes in which their hopes reside. Sir Alfred Hickman, an employer of many workmen, was rather autocratic in his method of canvassing in favour of the Ministerialist, and the "Daily Chronicle" threatens proceedings towards the unseating of Mr. Gibbons on that account: but if the contest was rough on one side it was just as rough on the other. Sir Samuel Scott, Conservative, has been returned, unopposed, for West Marylebone.

Rarely has England had a politician with such a command over followers as that in which Mr. Chamberlain exults. He has but to state his will, and they obey. The Unionist-Liberals in the Edgbaston Division of Birmingham were in revolt against the proposal that the Ministerial candidate should be nominated by the Conservatives. They denied that they were bound by the arrangement, come to at the General Election by the local leaders of the two sections of the Unionist Party, that, in consideration of Lord Charles Beresford's having withdrawn his candidature in Birmingham, the next seat vacant in that town should be given to a Conservative. Protests against the idea were loud among the people and angry in the Press. That did not matter to Mr. Chamberlain. Merely he ran down to Birmingham on Wednesday evening, told the Divisional Council of his party that bargains should be kept, and that Birmingham was no place for him to be President of the Unionist-Liberals if they were broken there; and, by a vote of 84 to 29, the Council voted for the honest course. We do not grieve over the decision; but it ought to be pointed out that, had they not themselves been parties to the bargain which they sought to break, the 29 would have been in the right. They would have been in the right had they been units in the constituency with no official responsibility. The Compact should be allowed to lapse. It has served its purpose, which, when no man foresaw the extent of the rout which Faddism and Opportunism were to suffer, was to avert the risk that Separatists might be elected, where they were not really wanted, through Unionists of different hues running in the same constituencies.

The maintenance of the Compact violates the constitutional policy. When the appointment of candidates is in hands of caucuses the privilege of free election on the part of the people is in abeyance. There is no reason why it should be in abeyance any longer. The nature of things would produce the results which the parties to the Compact sought. Unionist-Liberals would be chosen for Unionist-Liberal constituencies; Tories for Unionist constituencies of the ruddier complexion. As it is, under the Compact, where are we? Unionist-Liberals sit for Conservative constituencies such as Warwick and Leamington, and a Tory is about to sit for Radical Edgbaston. That is not the Representation of the People. It is little more than rotten-borough mongering for the benefit of Mr. Chamberlain and the thirteen disciples for whom he found places in the strongest Conservative administration of the democratic era. The nation, we willingly acknowledge, has received invaluable services from Mr. Chamberlain and his Unionist-Liberal colleagues. All we seek to suggest is that those services would not be lost if the Unionist Liberals would frankly accept the fact that, as there is no practical difference of opinion between other Unionists and themselves, their maintenance of a separate organization, which is unconstitutional and untenable, is effective only in causing unseemly dissensions such as have arisen in Birmingham.

At Glasgow, Manchester and Leeds there are still differences between the engineers and the employers. On Monday, indeed, further lock-out notices were posted in Manchester. Throughout the country at large, however, peace has been established, and the industry is very brisk. On Monday, when the men were to resume work, the employers found it impossible to reinstate more than a third of them. That, it seems, was only because the yards were out of gear. Since then, day by day, work has been found for more

and more men, and it is probable that ere long there will be few, if any, unemployed. So many are the contracts in arrear, and so plentiful the new orders, some of the larger firms are doubling their shifts, and the shops are busy night and day.

The difficulty as regards Crete is becoming acute. According to the latest intelligence, which comes from Constantinople by way of Frankfort, France and England have resolved to join Russia in insisting that Prince George of Greece shall become Governor. The three Powers, it is said, will enforce their wish in spite of the opposition of the Sultan and without regard to the attitude of any other Power. The probability is that the Sultan will yield; but it is not quite certain. He and his Ministers and the Turkish troops are alike elated by the recent success in arms, and the Porte is known to have the support of Germany. In the proposal that the very Prince who raided Crete should now, after his well-merited discomfiture, be set in governance over the province, there is undoubtedly an insult which no self-respecting nation can be expected to endure tamely.

Lord Salisbury did well to have the Duke of Devonshire by his side when he received the deputation on London Government. The Prime Minister has too often displayed his lack of knowledge with regard to municipal affairs, but in the admirable speech which the Duke of Devonshire addressed to the deputation the whole question of the transfer of powers from the London County Council to the transfigured vestries was clearly and sensibly discussed. We have already shewn that any such transfer can only affect certain minor details of administration. The vestries have already very large powers, and the strongest argument in favour of the Bill the Government are going to introduce to magnify the vestries into municipalities is that thereby these powers can be more effectively exercised. As for Sir John Lubbock's contention that the London County Council should not undertake business or trading enterprises, it will be quite destroyed by this Bill of which Sir John Lubbock himself approves. These very same vestries which are to become municipalities have the power to undertake and are undertaking business and trading enterprises, and it is difficult to understand how that which is wrong for the County Council is right for them.

Mr. Stoddart's cricket team is in a state of collapse. It has lost the fourth test match by eight wickets, and thus Australia wins the rubber. There is some reason for believing that our disaster would have been not so great had the luck of the game been more nearly equal. Winning the toss on the second, the third, and the fourth occasions, the Australians had the advantage of batting on a fresh wicket. That, however, is only a partial explanation. We are privately informed that in the fourth match the only men fit to play up to their form were Storer, Briggs and McLaren. All the other Englishmen were suffering from the unfamiliar climate. Besides, there were demoralising dissensions in the English team. Prince Ranjitsinhji, it was thought, had taken upon himself too much authority in the absence of Mr. Stoddart. It was not from quinsy, by the way, that the Prince suffered. Yet, after all is said and done, the Australians are entitled to regard themselves as the better men.

We have received a letter from Mr. Robert Sherard, the well-known English journalist in Paris, in which the following passage occurs: "I am authorised to state most emphatically by M. Emile Zola that he has granted interviews to no single journalist for more than two months—with the exception of myself—that consequently the alleged interviews which have appeared in various English papers to bolster up the cause which is popular there are the inventions of their writers; and that notably a much-quoted interview in the 'Daily Chronicle' was a 'fake' from beginning to end."

The diplomatic corps at Constantinople are united in chuckling over the fall from grace of Izzet Bey, the power behind the throne at Yildiz, whose whisper in the ear of Abdul Hamid has so often nullified all their exhortations and threats. Izzet had a son who was improving

his mind in the usual Oriental fashion in Paris, and Izzet's many enemies did not fail to drop the suggestion that young hopeful was really deep in the plots by "Young Turkey," whose intrigues, largely imaginary, are a constant terror to the Sultan. So the son was summoned home to Constantinople to explain himself and to be kept under observation. A short course of espionage and terrorism destroyed whatever nerve the youth had left, and in a fit of panic he fled from Constantinople. This is all that was necessary to confirm Abdul's worst suspicions, and Izzet Bey is in deep disgrace. He is no more consulted in delicate matters by his master and lives in hourly fear of banishment to some of those remote stations in Syria or Asia Minor which are reserved for such bad cases.

By way of counteracting the gloomy forecasts of the Navy League a study of this week's debate on the French Marine Budget is to be recommended. M. Lockroy, in order to prove, perhaps, that patriotism is not confined to the anti-Semites, attacked the whole naval administration ("the independent and autonomous Government in the Rue Royale" he called it) in a two days' oration of great vehemence and force. The ships were obsolete and unwieldy, fifty per cent. of them were absolutely unserviceable, Biserta and Ajaccio were of no use as coaling stations, so that the ships of the Republic could find no safe supplies between Toulon and Saigon, while England with her highly equipped fleet and chain of stations was supreme. Admiral Besnard's reply was weak, but nothing came of the debate, for it seems impossible to really interest the modern Frenchman in the navy. The truth is that a navy is a frightfully expensive luxury if it is to be kept in proper readiness. Types change so rapidly that the vessels of ten years ago are decreed as useless, and, as Turkey and China have found, it is not enough to purchase the finest ships if they are not constantly kept up to date.

The common sense view of pioneer railway construction in the Colonies was laid before the Colonial Institute on Tuesday afternoon in a short address by Mr. E. R. Calthorp. A good deal of recklessness has been manifested in regard to the building of railway lines through practically virgin country in the past, and Mr. Calthorp pointed out how vastly important it is to ensure a maximum length of line compatible with economy of construction and efficiency of working. These should be elementary considerations. Experience however would suggest that they are profound truths seldom understood by those responsible for railway construction. An important point is the pioneer railways in any particular land should be of one gauge. As Lieutenant Leggett shows, when the railway systems of Africa are some day brought into touch it will be found that the Rhodesian gauge differs from that of Uganda, and both differ again from the Sierra Leone system. Australian business suffers to-day from precisely the same cause.

The report by Sir Arthur Hardinge on the progress of the British East Africa Protectorate gives an interesting summary of its history from its establishment in July 1895 until last July. The most important contribution it makes to our knowledge of the country is the census of the population. The extent of the Protectorate is estimated at 280,000 square miles and the population at 2,500,000, or nine to the square mile. The total estimate is a mere guess, as it includes one item of 1,150,000 for the territories which are not yet under direct administration, and which are practically unexplored. Where the census has been taken with any accuracy, the result has proved that the former estimates have been greatly exaggerated. The revenue returns are also a little disappointing. The receipts for the nine months which formed the first financial year were £22,000, and the expenditure £77,000; in the second financial year the receipts were £32,000 and the expenditure £134,000; and so the deficit increased from £55,000 to £102,000. Ivory still remains the most important article of export, but the value has decreased. The only export that shows an important increase is rubber, of which even now the total annual yield is worth less than 200,000 rupees. Luckily intertribal warfare is being steadily suppressed.

The voluminous report of the French Commercial Mission to China, just issued, should be of at least as much service to the British trader as to the French. After two years inquiry, during which some 16,000 kilometres of ground have been covered in the search for new markets, the mission is able to lay before the French Chambers of Commerce some most valuable data as to the openings for European goods in South-west China. The great needs so far as France in Indo-China is concerned, seem to be irrigation and facilities of locomotion. If the element of humour were permitted to enter into commercial questions, it would be regarded as not a little amusing to find that Frenchmen complain of just those things with regard to British enterprise, which Britons complain of with regard to Germany and others. Thus, the mission finds that French merchants receive much less assistance from French Consuls than the British receive from British Consuls. That is merely an echo of the British complaint regarding Germany. Again, just as it is complained that the British trader in the East is very often an agent for Germany, so the French Mission declares that Frenchmen in Indo-China are agents for British goods. A country which last year imported 192 million francs worth of cotton-stuffs, as the report says, "must be well worth an effort." But there is for the European manufacturer an ominous note. The trend of events, we are told, will "in the near future bring the manufactory nearer the door of the consumer." In other words, Japan and India, as manufacturers, should enjoy insuperable advantages over Great Britain and Europe generally, in certain Eastern markets.

The "Quarterly Review" would do well to find somebody to write its Colonial articles who is not compelled to rely on almanacs and annuals for his data. A contribution on "Colonial Champions in the Mother Country," printed in the new number, is about the most ill-informed effort we have met with for some time. The author says that "in sugar we have few successful rivals; in coals, iron and copper we hold our own with all mankind." With the exception of coal, which—unfortunately—we cannot afford to lose, the very reverse is the fact. The author also adheres to the belief that Sebastian Cabot discovered North America for Henry VII., and he tells us that Willoughby and others were "pioneers" of the north-east passage to India, just as Frobisher and Davis were of the north-west. Apparently, he thinks a north-west and a north-east passage to India have at some time been in vogue. He says the Dutch as traders gave nothing like the offence to native races which the Portuguese gave. But surely the honours were divided between them. There are many other mistakes in the article.

The Rev. Pelham Burn, rector of St. Peter, Mancroft, Norwich, applied on Wednesday to the Consistory Court for a faculty empowering him to lower the floor of the choir. The choir, it so happens, is the burial-place of Sir Thomas Browne, the author of "Religio Medici," and on that account has long been regarded as one of the sacred places of Norfolk. When questioned as to this, the rector raised laughter in the court by replying, "Yes; he is buried there. We shall probably see him again." Mr. Burn may mean well, but the tone of such a reply hardly satisfies us that he realises the importance of the trust he holds in respect of the grave. There is a flippancy about it that wakes suspicion. The application has been adjourned for a week—a fortunate circumstance, since it gives us the chance of impressing upon the Chancellor the need of assuring himself, if he should issue the faculty, that it will be acted upon with a proper regard for a grave of notable public interest.

Mr. Leader's election to full academicianship is the sort of concession to popular opinion that makes the Academy ridiculous. Mr. Seymour Lucas is a vigorous draughtsman, and in an illustrators' academy would deserve a good place. Mr. Napier Hemy, the new Associate, has a fine eye for certain sea effects, without a very strong sense for the design of a picture. He comes nearest, of the younger generation, to Mr. Hook, that is to say, he is a painter not only of the sea, but of the salt sea.



## THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT, AND INDIA.

AS the day draws near for the opening of the coming Parliamentary session, it becomes very evident that there will be a fairly hot debate over the Indian frontier question. Meanwhile, during the last fortnight or three weeks, something has been said by speakers of either party to reduce the question at issue to its necessary limits. Concessions have been offered, positions hitherto defended with obstinacy have been abandoned, the differences on some points have been so pared away as, to some eyes, to appear almost undistinguishable. It is now allowed, for example, by speakers such as Mr. Curzon, and by party organs like the "Standard," that the recent outbreak was caused not by fanatical outbursts, but by our own encroachments upon our neighbours across the border. The mad Mullah, the fanatic Amir, the irrepressible barbarian and all the rest of the puppets have been summarily swept off the Government board. Every one who is in any way responsible for what he says or writes now admits that it is the Government of India, and not the tribes, who are at the bottom of the uproar. Civilisation, as Sir George White would say, has been encroaching on barbarism. The problem, therefore, before Parliament is not how to repress the tribes on our frontier, but how to repress ourselves on the tribal frontier. It is admittedly no longer a question of restraining the barbarian from inroads on our territory. That was merely a clumsy military mask. The question is, how in future are we to check our own appetite for invading and over-running the barbarian.

Then, on the other side, we have Lord Kimberley's frank admission that, up to the Chitral incident, there was little to choose between either party. That is perfectly true, and there can be no going behind it in any future debate. So long as either side saw its way to a little business in unopposed encroachment there has been no more difference between Radical and Conservative than between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The sole point of distinction has been that when opposition arose the one side has welcomed it as a pretext for further aggression; the other has used it as a text and a pretext for withdrawal for a time within less ambitious limits. The only question now to be decided is as to what is to be regarded as the irreducible limit. It is a difference of degree, not of kind. The line of the Indus, for example, is dead as a ducat. Quetta is British territory, *in sæculo sæculorum*. Kashmir is our washpot. Over the Zhob valley have we cast our shoe. What has now to be ascertained is whether we mean to fix our frontier on principles of policy or of strategy. Are we to be guided in future by Kriegspiel or by statecraft? Is India to be a civil or a military administration? Is it the sword or the toga which is to represent Queen and Parliament in India?

In dealing with the position of the Government the main point will be to fix Ministers to some definite declaration. Nothing can be more elusive than the utterances of Mr. Balfour and his colleagues on the subject-matter in dispute. Lord George Hamilton, for example, affects to believe that there is really no bone of contention to be wrangled over. There are only a few points of detail, which can be easily settled in conference. All we require, says Mr. Balfour, is to be assured that we have the positions needful to enable us to assure the independence of Afghanistan. Every one, he argues, whatever party he belongs to, must rally to meet that necessity. And so on, and so on. Well, though this may be all true enough—we must be permitted to point out that the positions which Mr. Balfour covets are not in the heavens above, but on the earth beneath, and that they either are, or till very recently were, wholly in other men's possession. It is on this account that we have established ourselves in Chitral. In pursuit of these positions we are invited by Lord George Hamilton to agree to the making of further roads in tribal country and to the maintenance of fresh military posts.

We will not stop to inquire now what passes or positions are really needful for the prompt entry of British troops into Kabul, but will content ourselves here with warning the Opposition members not to lend too credulous an ear to Mr. Balfour's seemingly moderate

requirements. What the Government are obviously aiming at is to obtain absolution for all that they have done in the past, and to be left unfettered and unrestricted, except in most general and elastic terms, in whatever they may desire in the future. The "defence of Afghanistan" is an admirably conceived formula to that end; it is the latest device on the military banner of the New Light, and a very creditable and ingenious device it is. The first point in debate should be to fix Ministers to some definite declaration of policy; the next, to restrict them, if need be, to their own admission, and to make it clear that the military schemes which have led to the recent disturbances were directed, not to the maintenance of the independence of Afghanistan, but to obtaining control of the passes which lead from Afghanistan into India, with a view to the seizure of Kandahar, Kabul and other well-known points, by a British force operating against Russia. The question will be thus narrowed to the simple and true issues—whether, as a scheme of strategy, this is desirable; whether, should it from a military point of view be desirable, it should not be at least postponed from regard to the immense addition to charges in men and in money which it will entail on British and on Indian resources. There may be, very probably there are, subsidiary points for determination. But the real matter for debate is where we have placed it. If the Opposition is well advised it will not allow itself to be diverted by ingenious pretences into the discussion of immaterial points; nor will it be satisfied with such vague and general assurances of sweet reasonableness and of moderation as are never wanting among advocates of the forward policy, nor again with the cloak under which they habitually prosecute their ambitious and mischievous designs. Let us know clearly where we are, and let us see frankly where we are going. We shall then be in a position to declare whether we will follow the Government or oppose it. But let us have no hocus-pocus of indefinite terms, such as spheres of influence, to lure us into quagmire. Let us have no insincere and misleading plea, like that of our engagements with Amir Abdurrahman. These are mere party catchwords, and we are now at too serious an issue to allow ourselves to be misused or misled by them. They must be relegated to the limbo of the mad Mullah and the other stage properties now laid aside. If the debate is to be of public, as distinguished from Parliamentary, use, the issues must be rightly fixed, and arguments must be confined strictly to the issues.

## THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF JAPAN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE latest papers published in Japan show that the country is passing through a serious financial crisis, affecting not only its national expenditure, but its commercial and industrial development. Owing to the extravagant schemes of armament expansion entered upon since the Japan-China War, her income, notwithstanding the assistance of the indemnity, altogether exceeds her expenditure; and proposals for increase of taxation are strongly opposed on the ground of the general depression affecting both the agricultural and commercial classes—the former by reason of a series of deficient harvests, and the latter because of the over-speculation which ensued on the conclusion of the war. The general cry now is for the introduction of foreign capital—an interesting fact when it is remembered that the Japanese have for long maintained an agitation against the very existence of the foreign merchant at the Treaty Ports, notwithstanding what he has done to develop Japanese trade by placing Japan's productions on the world's markets. As showing the spirit in which Japan has hitherto regarded the foreigner, it may be stated that at the present time the securities of Japanese joint-stock companies can only be held by Japanese subjects, and even after the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty comes into operation—in July 1899—British subjects will still be unable to hold landed property, though the treaty purports to be based on terms of equity and reciprocity. But the Japanese want money, and this want seems likely to prove a very liberalising influence. There is no proposal as yet to extend land-owning rights to foreigners—without which, it may be remarked *inter alia*, the provision as to the right to

manufacture must prove wholly illusory—but there is an agitation in favour of foreigners to hold Japanese securities. It is argued by the advocates of this proposal that while foreigners can be admitted as shareholders in Japanese companies, and the inflow of foreign capital thus encouraged, they can at the same time be deprived of any right to hold office as directors or to a vote in the appointment of directors. Foreigners, in fact, are to have the privilege of contributing to the joint-stock fund, but to be deprived of all voice in the employment of that fund. It need not be said that the Japanese are not likely to get money on such terms as these.

But the Government is also likely to be in the European money markets before long, partly to relieve itself of its own financial embarrassments, and partly to assist the commercial and manufacturing classes. There are suggestions of an industrial loan guaranteed by the Government, and of an ordinary loan to be used in still further extending the country's armaments. It therefore becomes interesting to inquire what are the actual resources of Japan, and what proportion taxation bears to the country's income from all sources, with a view to ascertain whether Japan is in a sufficiently sound position financially to raise a loan on favourable terms. The latest figures available are those given in the "Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon" for 1897—an official publication in which complete statistics are given up to the year 1894. The fact that it is necessary to rely on the figures of three years back does not greatly matter in such an inquiry, as it is found on examination that while manufacturing industry is developing at a fairly rapid rate, those productions of the country which, as it were, constitute its capital, vary but little from year to year. Thus the total production of rice in 1890 amounted to 43,037,809 *koku* (a *koku* is equal to a little less than five bushels), in 1892 to 41,378,956 *koku*, in 1894 to 41,865,896 *koku*, and in 1896 to 39,920,882 *koku*. Taking 1894, therefore, we find that the 41,865,896 *koku* which formed the total production of rice in the country realised an average price at the markets of yen 8.24, or seventeen shillings per *koku*, which would bring its total value to 344,974,983 yen, or, in round numbers in sterling, to £35,000,000. The yen, it may be observed, was in 1894 worth more than a fraction over two shillings, at which it now stands, but for the purposes of the present inquiry this is not of much importance, as it is the relation of Japan's resources to her expenditure which we are engaged in setting forth. Rice is the most important of Japan's agricultural products, and as the values of all the produce given are calculated at the price realised in the larger markets, it is possible to eliminate the factor of transport from a calculation of Japanese income. The barley crop realised some £7,000,000, rye £35,000,000, and wheat £22,000,000. Add to these the value of the smaller crops, such as beans, millet, potatoes, rapeseed, hemp, tobacco and so forth, and we arrive at a total of 500,000,000 yen, or say £53,000,000 as the cash value of all agricultural crops. The production of silk of all descriptions in the same year reached a value of 74,000,000 yen; tea, 53,000,000 yen; vegetable wax, 2,000,000 yen; and marine produce, 20,000,000 yen.

It would be tedious to enumerate each item. Suffice it to say that after calculating the value of all the productions which properly enter into such a computation, and making a liberal allowance for possible errors and omissions, the remarkable conclusion is reached that the total income of the Japanese people does not exceed 750,000,000 yen, or about £80,000,000 sterling. This income appears to have expanded but little during the last three years, while the expenditure of the country has more than trebled. The Budget for 1894-5 was 78,128,643 yen; in 1895-6 it advanced to 85,241,433 yen; in 1896-7 it increased to 193,425,717 yen; and in 1897-8 it reached the enormous total for such a country of 240,504,925 yen, while the estimated deficit already exceeds 10,000,000 yen. Thus while in 1894-5 the administrative or governmental expenditure of the country was about 10 per cent. of the total income from all sources, for the financial year of 1897-8 it was about 33 per cent. It may of course be argued that the current financial year is an exceptional one, and

that when Japan's armament expansion is completed, the national Budget will show some reduction. Yet an armament extension scheme which, as in this case, is to be spread over ten years, may fairly be regarded as having become a settled part of the national expenditure; and it must be remembered that besides the initial cost of the new war-ships building, the expense of keeping them will be enormous. Then the new forts must have guns, the new naval ports will be a source of expense, and the new army divisions must be fed and clothed.

However, when the expansion of the army and navy is completed, there may possibly be some contraction of the national expenditure. Let us suppose—what is somewhat improbable—that it is reduced to 150,000,000 yen; even in this case it would still mean that the taxation necessary to be raised would form a charge of 20 per cent. upon the country's annual income from all sources. When it is considered that we are dealing with Imperial taxation only, and taking no account of the local taxes, it will be seen that the outlook for Japan is by no means a roseate one. The taxation of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland amounts to only 10 per cent. of the total national income. Even France, which, with the possible exception of Italy, is reputed to be the most heavily taxed country in Europe, only pays 15 per cent. out of her income from products for the purposes of the national expenditure; while if we deduct the whole of the extraordinary expenses from the Japanese Budget for the current financial year, and reduce it to 112,000,000 yen, the amount that must be raised by taxation is still 16 per cent. of the country's total income. It may also be pointed out that the percentage of her total revenue which Japan is now devoting to military and naval purposes exceeds that of any other nation in the world. The United States spends on her army and navy 17 per cent. of her total revenue from taxation, Russia spends 21 per cent., France 27 per cent., Great Britain 39 per cent., Germany 43 per cent., while Japan is spending 55 per cent. These facts and figures are well worthy of attention should Japan, as seems probable, appear in the European money markets with the object of raising a loan. Her personal credit stands deservedly high, but what investors have to examine is not so much personal credit as the actual resources behind the credit. What Japan must do to improve her position is to adopt a less illiberal attitude towards foreign capital. Let her, for example, permit land to be held by foreigners both as security and with the object of developing her manufactures, and her financial position will soon display a marked improvement. At present investment in her securities appears somewhat hazardous.

#### RIFLES AND CHRISTIANITY.

NO right-minded citizen need regret the rebuff experienced by the "Globe Venture Syndicate" on the occasion of its ill-advised attempt to supply arms and ammunition to a disaffected district belonging to a friendly power. We have neither the space nor the inclination for a critical inquiry into the whole sordid tissue of lies framed for the hoodwinking of the British shareholder. We care not to examine the Syndicate's transparent pretence of Christianising the people of Sus (with a trifling perquisite of cent. per cent. on rifles); we may surely leave the humour of this to Mr. Charles Sassoon, one of the directors. Nor can we concern ourselves with the remarkable confessions of positively imbecile ignorance on the part of Sir Edward Thornton and General Sir Luther Vaughan; for these, if anything, more strongly confirm our unalterable opinion of the education and efficiency of more than a few of her Majesty's plenipotentiaries and soldiers. The diplomatist expressed himself to an interviewer as under the impression that the Sultan had no troops in that district. This might only appear in keeping with the ignorance of the directors on all points affecting the issue; but it now transpires that intimate and sympathetic friends of the Syndicate were warned during Christmas week, while the "Tourmaline" was yet within telegraphic reach of St. Martin's-le-Grand, that, should the vessel persist in the proposed landing of contraband goods, she would be met by the Sultan's troops and transport ready to accord her a



warm reception. The sequel shows that the Syndicate's vessel has retreated to the Canary Islands; and it is no doubt to her insignificant proportions that she owes the toleration of the Spaniards, who, mistaking her for the pleasure-yacht of a roving Englishman, have permitted her to use their islands as the basis of an illicit traffic in firearms that might have been turned against herself on her adjoining coast of Rio d'Oro.

So much for Sir Edward Thornton's ingenuous ignorance of the existing state of affairs. The soldier does not figure much better than the diplomatist. General Sir Luther Vaughan, also a director, declares, presumably on his word as an English gentleman, that the "Tourmaline" was not attempting to land arms, and that their trading with the natives had been in "Manchester goods and tea." Comment is unnecessary, as we are left to infer either that 4000 rifles and nearly half-a-million of cartridges are, in the estimation of a British officer, no more than sufficient for the self-defence of fifteen men, or that they are included in his privately compiled catalogue of "Manchester goods." We had thought, seeing the manager's magnificent and righteous condemnation of the youthful Sultan as a "raw voluptuary"—a courteous sobriquet that we are assured on unquestionable testimony is a disagreeable fib—that Mr. Malcolm must hail from the north of Tweed; but we are relieved to find that there is no Scotch monopoly in raids that fail.

We protest against this hazarding of imperial prestige in foreign waters for the benefit of a band of needy adventurers: our hands are all too full in the East. We protest against this vulgar introduction of the proselytising "gag" to begot the shareholders, and to enlist suburban sympathy. We hold that the interests of honest imperial expansion cannot be worse served than by these bogus enterprises of unpicturesque freebooters for the disposal of German rifles and Austrian cartridges. Major Spilsbury admits to having been warned off more than once by both the Foreign Office and the Moorish Government. Nor do his friends deny that he was accorded "true Oriental courtesy" by the Sultan, from whom, while secretly denying his jurisdiction over the Sus country, he was in vain soliciting permission to trade there. The sequel shows that he rewarded this courtesy by a wanton descent on the Sultan's territory—a buccaneering expedition that was justly frustrated by the Sultan's troops. We regret the raid, not the failure. Nay, we should be unable to repress our satisfaction were the Sultan of Morocco to bring and win a claim for damages against the Syndicate for this most flagrant breach of international faith. Both he and his forbears have had experiences innumerable of such claims made and enforced on the Treasury, and it would be a pity were a British jury to miss the opportunity of inducing these commercial missionaries to set his Shereefian Majesty a holy example of Christian resignation, even with the dignity and savings of ex-diplomatists and officers at stake.

#### BRISTOL FASHION.

##### I.

FROM Mogador to Mossamedes runs a line of coast which from the time of Hanno to the present day has been the wonder and the despair of men. There barbarism has had its last entrenchments; even to-day some of them still remain unstormed.

Cannibalism, missionaries, "feitiço," "gri-gri," the gorilla, gold dust and ivory, the negro race, great swamps, primeval forests, stretches of barren sand, leagues of red earth as at King Tom, bar harbours, "factories," beads, amulets, the slave trade, Liberia; the curious names of places, as Bojador, Bisagos, Portendik, with Jella Coffee, Fernando Po and Annobon, St. Paul's, Loanda, Half-Jack, and Ambrizette, form a strange hell-broth of geography, ethnology, fauna and flora, superstition and religion up to date, remnant of the pre-wages era, republic of the type of Gerolstein, an animistic fugue of barbarous music, in which "Marimba," war-whistle, and tom-tom all bear their part.

First, Mogador, called Sueira (the picture) by the Moors, almost an island, dazzlingly white, confined to Africa but by a rope of sand, kissed by the North-east Trade, and looking ever out on Lanzarote, towards

which it seems to sail. Then Agadir, once Santa Cruz, and held by Spain, and now deserted but by some families of Jews and a few wandering Arabs, and then the country of the Troglodytes, whose caves remain, but from whose hills the warlike dwarfs described by Hanno have long disappeared; next the Wad Nun, the Draa where Arabs, mounted on their "wind-drinkers," chase ostriches and speak the dialect of the Koreish; then Cape Juby, and from thence to Bojador, the Cape known as the world's end till Gilianez, with Zarco and Tristan Vaz, passed to the Bay of Garnets, and claimed the land for Portugal.

Edrisi, Ibn Batuta, with Leo Africanus and Ibn-el-Wardi, and before them Herodotus, Polybius, Procopius, and historians Roman, Arab, and Greek, have left accounts of some sort or another down to the Senegal; but that they knew the land south of Cape Palmas is not made out. They tell us of vast deserts, burning sands between Cape Barbas and the Senegal; all this we know, and little more to-day, for, from the sea, the eye surveys the sand unbroken but by a palm tree here and there, an Arab Duar, and now and then a rider on a camel, or a troop of ostriches.

Now by degrees the country changes, and great woods appear joining the mangrove swamps which fringe the coast and run from Bathurst, Sierra Leone, past the Grand Sesters, Piccaninny Sess, Cape Palmas, Accra, Acasa, through the Gold Coast, where a white vapour hangs over everything and obscures the sun as it were covered with fine gauze. Passing Fernando Po, which rises from the sea, an offshoot from the mountains of the Cameroons, past Annobon, the Congo, St. Paul's, Loanda, and Benguela, the dense bush continues till by degrees the vegetation grows more sparse, and below Mossamedes, after having passed more than two thousand miles from Mogador, again the land gets sandy, arid, and sub-tropical.

During the sixties, along the coast laden with rum and gin, with gas-pipe muskets long as a spear and painted red, brass dishes, musical boxes, trade powder, cheap German clocks and French indecent prints (as presents for the chiefs), beads, bells, and looking-glasses, well "sized" cottons, and all the other glories of our time and state with which we push the Gospel truths, extend our trade and bring the "balance" of the world under the shadow of our glorious flag, ran barques, all owned in Bristol, usually about five hundred tons, all painted chequer-sided, sailing short-handed out of Bristol, and at Cape Palmas shipping a gang of Krooboy for the cruise.

Between Cape Mesurado and Cape Palmas the Krooboy have their towns, the Little Kru, the Settra Kru, King Will's Town, and the rest. A race apart, the Lascars of the coast, the Krooboy for the last 200 years has been in intercourse with men from Europe, and still remains a worshipper of gods which, in the latitudes of Aberdeen, of Sunderland, the Hartlepoons, and other regions where the true faith reigns, are not accepted. A healthy pagan, tall, active, with muscles like a Hercules, head like a comic masque, speaking a sort of "petit negre," or "Blackman English," a jargon, call it what you like, the groundwork of it oaths; his face tattooed on either temple with a triangle, from which a line of blue, which starts below his hair, runs down his nose, giving him when he laughs a look of having two distinct faces. The Krooboy ships for a cruise, and then, on his return to the five towns, reverts to paganism, a merry misbeliever, over whose life no shadow of the Galilean tragedy has passed, and who, therefore, ships aboard an English ship in the firm expectation of returning home after a two years' cruise to invest his wages in the purchase of more wives, two hundred years of missionary labour having as yet proved ineffectual to eradicate the natural polygamistic tendencies which Providence (who one supposes acted after due consideration) seems to have planted in the fibre of all mankind except, of course, ourselves. Strong, tall, a coward, animistic to the core, and called indifferently "Jack Beef," "Sam Coffee," or "Small Fish," the Krooboy is a man apart, and for the test of moral worth our Christian navigators put a bale weighing two hundredweight upon his head, and if he carries it safe through the surf, he is engaged.

Of all the barques none was considered smarter than

the "Wilberforce," owned by the Messrs. Fletcher, commanded by one Captain Bilson (Honest Tom Bilson), a man who knew the coast by day and night, each harbour, inlet, mangrove swamp, and knot of palms, as the Lone Palm, Three Palms, the "Carpenter," and the rest from Sherboro Island to Kabenda Point.

"Honest Tom Bilson" all the traders called him with a laugh, and by the various chiefs he was best known as "Blistol Fassen" from his constant using of the phrase. "Ship-shape and Bristol Fashion" was his word, and after pouring out a stream of blasphemy at some unlucky Krooboy stowing a sail, he used to raise his eyes to heaven and exclaim, "Oh, Lord, Thou knows my 'eart, but these 'ere Krooboys make me peril my immortal soul ten times a day!" for Bilson was a member of a congregation in the rare intervals he passed at home, and even when at sea, on Sundays, read his chapter to his crew, not greatly understanding what he read, but reading, as he heaved the lead, took in top-gallant sails at night, or purged his crew on entering low latitudes, from sheer routine. Of course he had a wife at home legally married, or, as he said, "wed-locked" to him in a chapel; but matrimony, I take it does not bind much below the "roaring forties," so in his cruises up and down the coast, when he had shipped his Krooboys, having no gift of tongues, he also shipped a negro girl to act as an interpreter and keep things "ship-shape" in his cabin, sew on his buttons, play on the "marimba," and act as intermediary in his dealings with the chiefs. This was the "fassen" of the coast, and in Accra a sort of seminary existed to train, instruct in English, and turn out young negro girls for "the profession," which was held an honourable and lucrative estate. These damsels, known as "consorts," used to affect great state and dignity, wearing their clothes so stiffly starched with arrowroot that, had you cut their legs off, still their skirts would have maintained their balance by sheer force of starch.

Aboard these trading barques the life was easy, running down the coast from town to town, for then the skippers seeking a cargo did the work which now is done by hulks, and got their cargo here and there, picking up palm-oil, camwood, ivory, gum copal, kola nuts, beeswax, gold dust, and ostrich feathers on the barter system in direct dealing with the headmen of the towns. To-day upon the coast the days of "seeking" are long ended, for hulks in every river collect the country produce, and the captains of the "tramps" who take it off see little more of native life than what is seen by sailors all the world over, that is the "tingel-tangel," gin-shop, and haunt of low debauchery, but in those halcyon days a captain of a barque shared with the missionary and the head trader of the "factory" the chief position of the unofficial white man from Cape Palmas to the Bights.

Pleasant it was to drop into some river where no trader lived, signal for a pilot to the chief, and either in his hut or in the cabin of the ship "set up a trade," after a long palaver where cases of gin from Rotterdam formed the chief arguments. Although the barques carried no guns, still they had arms aboard—muskets and cutlasses, which the skipper used to keep in his own cabin under key. At times the Captain used to land, and with a guard of men and squad of Krooboys carrying merchandise (that is, of course, gin, rum, and powder, with trade guns), proceed to interview some chief in his own house. Then palm-wine flowed, toms-toms were beat, the negro women danced after a fashion which even at the Moulin Rouge would not be tolerated, presents were exchanged, and a great banquet was provided and discussed in the chief's own room, generally furnished with three or four iron beds, a cuckoo clock, two or three musical boxes, and on the walls either religious pictures setting forth the Prodigal's Return, Rebecca at the Well, the Ark, or else French prints, all of the most superlative degree of "pornographickness." At least such was the furniture in Jella Coffee, *regnante* King Jo Tay, who with his consort Margo used to provide the skippers of the passing ships with yams and sweet potatoes, palm-wine and bananas, and send off canoes crammed to the gunwale with that special feature of his land, the "Jella Coffee runner." On shore at "factory" and port the

straggling European population struggled with fever, fought with gin, lolled half the day in hammocks, imported horses from the Gambia, only to see them die within the year, talked of the old country, occasionally got up a prize-fight, borrowing the missionary's steam launch when necessary to run the fighters into native territory. Flies and mosquitoes made life miserable, men took the fever over night, were dead by morning, buried at gunfire, and none seemed happy but the "snuff and butter" coloured children, who swarmed in evidence of the philo-progenitiveness of the members of what Mr. Kipling calls "the breed."

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### BIRDS ON THE FARM.

IF one's pocket be picked in the Strand, and one see the nimble-fingered youth disappear round the first corner, it would be the smallest of comforts to remember that the face of the thief was pleasant or his curls golden. It is not to be wondered at that farmers cry out on the sentimental persons who would make the length and breadth of England a sanctuary for all the sweet-voiced, soft-feathered fowls of the air. The farmer, however early he rises in the morning, finds the birds before him, chaffering in the orchards, furtively active in the kitchen gardens, and reconciling a decorative appearance with a vast deal of business in all the young fields. The farmer thinks of rates and taxes and the memory of Cobden, and reaches for his shot-gun. And yet nothing is more difficult than to be certain that he is not destroying his best friends, and that for once in a way the sentimentalists may not be right.

Whether a bird is injurious or not depends entirely on what it eats, and observation, however close, makes many errors as to the exact nature of a bird's occupation. If crows or blackbirds are seen in numbers about cornfields, or thrushes in a garden, it is not surprising that they are accused of doing harm. Frequently, however, they are actually engaged in destroying noxious insects, and birds that without question are depredators at one season often more than compensate for their thefts in the course of the year. Practically only one method of inquiry is certain. A number of suspects must be executed without trial, and examination of the contents of their stomachs must acquit or condemn their *confrères*. In England very little systematic work of this kind has been done, and the decision as to the guilt or innocence of particular birds has been left to the random judgment of farmers' clubs or to the prejudice of gamekeepers. In America, the active Agricultural Department has placed the matter in the hands of competent investigators, and from time to time farmers' Bulletins have been issued, giving full conclusions as to the vice or virtue of the common birds. Three years ago a most interesting essay on hawks and owls was issued: the other week another bulletin concerning more common and smaller birds appeared. The nature of the food of birds differs so much with locality that it is quite impossible to condemn or acquit English birds on the evidence obtained in America; but at least it may be learned that it is unwise to condemn any species on popular report.

Within certain limits, birds feed on the food most readily accessible to them. There is little evidence that a bird accustomed to insects will pass by one kind of insect until it chance on others more palatable, or that a seed-eater will daintily hunt about for a particular plant. Hunger makes an excellent sauce for any kind of food, and birds generally take what is most abundant in their particular haunts. Ground-feeding birds take all kinds of insects and worms to be found in the grass or among the roots; fly-catchers hawking in the air take whatever comes their way, and seed-eaters satisfy themselves upon the most abundant seeds. But careful scrutiny has to be made before a balance of good or evil is struck for any particular kind of bird.

The American conclusions respecting the hawks and owls were on the whole greatly in favour of these ill-omened birds. Six species were found to feed largely upon poultry and game; but of the others, 2212 stomachs were examined, of which 56 per cent. con-



tained mice and other small mammals, 27 per cent. insects, and only 3½ per cent. poultry and game birds. Owls turned out to be among the most beneficial of all birds, inflicting very little injury on the poultry-farmer or game-preserver, and destroying a vast quantity of creatures injurious to the farmer. Their nocturnal habits make them prey on small mammals that are practically untouched by hawks, and, as they are hardy and feed actively in winter, they continue their attacks upon injurious rodents long after the more delicate diurnal birds of prey have migrated southwards. The goshawks, gyrfalcons, and duck-falcons were almost the only birds of prey against which a true bill of habitual marauding could be returned. They feed upon ptarmigan, grouse, poultry, and water-fowl, and, in the absence of these, pay a close attention to ground-game. The sparrow-hawks, like most of the smaller hawks, were found to be almost wholly beneficial. Instead of devoting their attentions to birds, they seemed to feed almost entirely upon insects. The pigeon-hawk has a curious predilection for dragon-flies, while of 320 sparrow-hawks examined, 215 contained nothing but insects. Swainson's hawk eats insects in large quantities, having an apparent special fondness for grasshoppers.

The American results from the investigation of smaller birds were equally in their favour. Cuckoos have a bad reputation with most people who are not poets; they are believed to be great robbers of the poultry-yard and to eat the eggs of game-birds, but examination of thirty-seven stomachs showed that the cuckoos had fed almost entirely upon caterpillars, and that they had taken chiefly the hairy kinds which are rejected by most insect-eaters. Woodpeckers, which are very abundant in the States, have been accused of destroying trees, particularly apple trees, by pecking holes in the bark and sucking the sap; but this evil habit seems to be confined to the yellow-bellied woodpecker, while all the others protect the timber by pecking out the beetle-larvæ and ants which prey upon it. The jays have the worst possible name, and investigation failed to acquit them wholly of eating corn and robbing nests. But stomach examination showed that the jay eats many noxious insects, such as beetles, grasshoppers, and caterpillars, that its favourite vegetable food is acorns and chestnuts, and that its ravages among the corn-fields have been grossly exaggerated. When the corn is ripe and most abundant, it takes very little, but in winter, when other food is scarce, it is not above robbing the ricks. The small seed-eaters certainly take some valuable seeds, but most of their food consists of the seeds of common weeds, and they more than atone for their occasional depredations. The small birds of America are so different from the natives of these islands that minute details are uninteresting to us; but the American results show that there is great room for the spread of exact information as to the habits of English birds in relation to agriculture.

#### SIR JOHN GILBERT AND OTHERS.

THE art of illustration in Sir John Gilbert's hands had a general air of being well connected, liberally bred, of moving with a vigorous step to a spirited measure that made one disposed to be tender to the threadbare vesture of its style, its emptiness, its stereotyped chic. When at the Academy there hung between the governess-antique of one practitioner and the inventory-antique of another, a scene such as Sir John knocked off by the score, ruffling cavaliers and cardinals, prancing horses, rolling woodland with muscular trees, all in a rich gravy brown with glints of colour, it was as if some jolly old person who had never had anything particular to say for himself but had heard good talk and understood it struck in with a laugh and said: "No, no, that's not the way to talk about things, your prunes and prism speech is no better in Greek or Latin than in English, the catalogue style is as poor a style B.C. as A.D. This is the sort of way to talk!" Then with big gesture and resonant baritone he rolls off a tirade about anything under the sun, like an actor who knows something of the pitch and range and bravura of his instrument, of the heat and march of words, though with nothing but the most easy second-hand ideas in his head.

The free eloquent rush of such speech is effective as

against nipped and starved puling, but in itself the hack impromptu becomes tiresome. I can remember the vague boredom with which one accepted as a child like a law of nature the descent of Sir John Gilbert on the page of the story-book, the drawing that always backed off into some generality when accusing point was in sight, the edges rubbed off one's image of the characters, the interference of forcible-flabby commentary. Scott's lift of a submerged feudal world into sight was a work of imagination so evocative for the eye that a less sharp and exciting effect in the graphic art is a superfluity. A man in that art must develop its attack in close and strenuous fashion if he is to play up to the tournament in "Ivanhoe" or the woodland scenes with Robin Hood. Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti, Morris, working in Scott's material, brought each of them something fresh and sharp, glamour or hard vision, another music in verb and adjective. Gilbert slops away in garrulous reminiscence of Scott, depressing rather than vivifying his original.

The Old Water Colour Society has got together 160 of their late President's works. He kinged it there among the nigglers, but each additional drawing beyond six does something to reduce the interest of its companions. In one or two a vigour in the trees, a well-disposed stream of figures or flap of banners would take the fancy. When we have seen fifty we begin to ask how a man could go on for ever without questioning the junction of his brown foreground with the harsh blue that stands for distance, without once being tempted a step further in his scrutiny of form. When an enthusiast tries to recall a fine march-tune he carries our sympathy with him for all the gaps and the slurred intervals; when for the hundredth time he insists, "It went something like this," with the same gaps and obliterations, we are apt to lose patience.

But no one will deny that Sir John's life is good reading in the little sketch prefixed to the catalogue. The boy dreamed pageants and warriors in the broken ground and glades of Blackheath and Greenwich; there he was to the end of a long life (since Waterloo) dreaming the same happy dream with the same zest, an old boy among his brothers and sisters, without social ambition, pleased with the honours that dropped upon him, pleased with what the youngsters were doing. If in the long review of art his place will have no very distinct mark, the figure he cuts in his time is an amiable and hearty one, and he must have gone to a heaven where Rubens is of the company.

It would be difficult, in a day's picture seeing, to find a greater contrast to Sir John Gilbert's production than that of Mr. MacWhirter. The first attacked art by way of style, the second by way of matter. Flowers, thick springing in pastures, the grace of birch-trees, crag and flood, the broken crest of mountains against an angry sunset, all these things in nature appealed to Mr. MacWhirter with a force of novelty and a force of affection. There was a possible picture to be made of each of these subjects if the travail of style followed on the conception, but who will pretend that the painter has made his picture, has found for his matter a treatment and a frame? It is true that a great many people share the painter's affection for his material, and are ready to buy a representation that on any terms stirs memory. That has been unfortunate for the painter, since he has never pushed on to address a more exacting public. The writer of the preface to a catalogue of "Scenes in Scotland, the Mediterranean and America" now on view at the Fine Art Society misunderstands the state of affairs, when he writes, "One of the penalties of popularity which an artist is usually called upon to pay, and often does pay, very much to his lasting detriment, is that of repetition of the same class of subjects. Mr. MacWhirter might well have undergone this penalty had his admirers had their own way, but he has escaped this, in part through the variety of even his Scottish subjects, but to a greater degree through that love of travel with which he has been affected all his life long. The van containing his Academy work has hardly left his doors before the cab has driven up which will start him on his journey to foreign parts: Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy, Sicily, Greece or Constantinople. . . . As a consequence there has seldom been an Academy exhibition for many

years which has not seen his popular Scottish pictures of birch-tree, torrent and wind-stricken pine interspersed with prospects of Tyrolean Alps, Sicilian panorama or cypress-framed vistas on the Bosphorus."

How shallow a notion of variety have we here! Genius finds room for infinite progress and change in rendering one "class of subjects" ever better and better, repeating with a fine difference. The man incapable of real change or progress flies vainly from place to place, going across the sea, but altering neither his "soul" nor his "sky," painting the same arrested, clumsy popular view of the new subject as of the old. Mr. MacWhirter's sensibility to flowers might have resulted in a picture; but he is too impatient, too easily satisfied or disgusted, and to ease his impatience he goes off to California and paints a more deeply imperfect view of a huge brute tree. The cab might well have been delayed for once, and the van also, while a second thought was given to the problem of treating the bank of flowers, revising its scale, shape, relation to its background. I speak here of the one or two real picture likings manifested by this exhibitor of water colours, of the difficult things that bit into the painter's senses without engaging enough his invention; there are plenty of elegant mollified sketches done after the solutions of other painters, but not done so well, and therefore hardly to be estimated in considering Mr. MacWhirter's talent.

Mr. Elgood, who exhibits a number of studies of gardens at the same galleries, is in the same plight. We are told that he has had to fly from his copyists to gardens further afield. He had done better to fly from himself while remaining in one of the gardens at home. A degree or two gained in measuring the due pictorial force of one blossom on a bush against the whole field of vision in a garden would more effectively take him beyond reach of the pack of imitators than the distance between London and Palermo.

I do not know that any one of the painters concerned in the exhibition of landscapes at the Dudley Gallery just closed had so strong originally a dose of liking for the matter of nature as Mr. MacWhirter, but one or two of them have pursued a slight personal addition to previous material with just the intense and exacting art that he lacks. Mr. Peppercorn and Mr. Leslie Thomson have cut away irrelevancies, thought much about their pictures, about the adjustment of means to the enforcement of their subject, have caressed and nurtured the life in it, instead of flinging off from one raw attempt to another with only a railway ticket's difference between the two. No one of the painters here can be called a great inventor, but these two, by stealthy fond stalking of an effect, promise to make good a claim to a picture of their own. Mr. Peppercorn's dark muffled green, with swathes of watery light, strikes with delicate precision a note of landscape mood; Mr. Thomson touches a brighter note with a corresponding change of technique. Mr. J. S. Hill is always noticeable for an artist at the Institute and elsewhere when he exhibits, but has hardly yet found his picture. Mr. Aumonier, a true artist, was not at his best. I am inclined to think that it is better policy for such men to let us see the one or two best pictures of their year at the Institute, or wherever they happen to exhibit, rather than to multiply examples of a limited range on one wall. There may be commercial reasons for putting all the stock on sale, but a clever dealer would surely put one picture at a time in the window, and bring the others out singly to be shown. Whatever be the commercial rights or wrongs of the policy, I have the impression of a gentle thought repeated oftener than it will bear at one time.

The gap in the small number of academicianships given to architects has been filled by the election of Mr. Aitchison. When the number of painters is so great the election to associateship of Mr. Lionel Smythe and Mr. Lathangue may pass, for Mr. Smythe is the author of some pretty water-colours, and Mr. Lathangue has every right to be where Messrs. Stanhope Forbes and Bramley have preceded him. But why the author of the decorations in Lord Leighton's house should be one of four men to stand for architecture in the Academy it is difficult to understand. He is perhaps the landscape painters' idea of an architect.

D. S. M.

#### MR. PINERO'S PAST.

"Charlotte Corday." A Drama in four Acts. Anonymous. Adelphi Theatre. 21 January, 1898.

"Trelawny of the 'Wells.'" An Original Comedietta in four Acts. By Arthur W. Pinero. Court Theatre. 20 January, 1898.

MR. PINERO has not got over it yet. That fatal turning-point in life, the fortieth birthday, still oppresses him. In "The Princess and the Butterfly" he unbosomed himself frankly, making his soul's trouble the open theme of his play. But this was taken in such extremely bad part by myself and others (gnawed by the same sorrow) that he became shy on the subject, and, I take it, began to cast about for some indirect means of returning to it. It seems to have occurred to him at last that by simply showing on the stage the fashions of forty years ago, the crinoline, the flounced skirt, the garibaldi, the turban hat, the chenille net, the horse-hair sofa, the peg-top trouser, and the "weeper" whisker, the chord of memory could be mutely struck without wounding my vanity. The delicacy of this mood inspires the whole play, which has touched me more than anything else Mr. Pinero has ever written.

But first let me get these old fashions—or rather these middle-aged fashions: after all, one is not Methusaleh—off my mind. It is significant of the difference between my temperament and Mr. Pinero's, that when he, as a little boy, first heard "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming," he wept; whereas, at the same tender age, I simply noted with scorn the obvious plagiarism from "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

To me the sixties waft ballads by Virginia Gabriel and airs from "Il Trovatore"; but Mr. Pinero's selection is none the less right; for Virginia Gabriel belonged to Cavendish Square and not to Bagnigge Wells; and "Il Trovatore" is still alive, biding its time to break out again when M. Jean de Reszke also takes to fondly dreaming.

The costumes at the Court Theatre are a mixture of caricature and realism. Miss Hilda Spong, whose good looks attain most happily to the 1860 ideal (Miss Ellen Terry had not then been invented) is dressed exactly after Leech's broadest caricatures of crinolined English maidenhood; whereas Miss Irene Vanbrugh clings to the finer authority of Millais' masterly illustrations to Trollope. None of the men are properly dressed: the "lounge coat" which we all wear unblushingly to-day as a jacket, with its corners sloped away in front, and its length behind involving no friction with the seats of our chairs, then clung nervously to the traditions of the full coat, and was longer, straighter, rectangular—cornered and franker as to the shoulders than Mr. Pinero has been able to persuade the tailors of the Court Theatre to make it to-day. I imagine, too, that Cockney dialect has changed a good deal since then. Somewhere in the eighties, Mr. Andrew Tuer pointed out in the "Pall Mall Gazette" that the conventional representations in fiction of London pronunciation had ceased to bear any recognisable relation to the actual speech of the coster and the flower-girl; and Mr. Anstey, in "Punch," was the first author to give general literary currency to Mr. Tuer's new phonetics. The lingo of Sam Weller had by that time passed away from London, though suggestions of it may be heard even to-day no further off than Hounslow. Sir Henry Irving can no longer be ridiculed, as he was in the seventies, for substituting pure vowel sounds for the customary colloquial diphthongs; for the man in the street, without at all aiming at the virtuosity of our chief actor, has himself independently introduced a novel series of pure vowels. Thus *i* has become *aw*, and *ow* *ah*. In spite of Sir Henry, *o* has not been turned into a true vowel; but it has become a very marked *ow*, whilst the English *a* is changed to a flagrant *i*. There is, somewhere in the old files of "All the Year Round" a Dickensian description of an illiterate lady giving a reading. Had she been represented as saying, "The scene tikes plice dahn in the Mawl En' Rowd" (takes place down in the Mile End Road) Dickens would apparently not have understood the sentence, which no Londoner with ears can now mistake. On these



grounds, I challenge the pronunciation of Avonia Bunn, in the person of Miss Pattie Browne, as an anachronism. I feel sure that if Avonia had made *so* rhyme to *thou* in the sixties, she would have been understood to have alluded to the feminine pig. On this point, however, my personal authority is not conclusive, as I did not reach London until the middle of the seventies. In England everything is twenty years out of date before it gets printed; and it may be that the change had been in operation long before it was accurately observed. It has also to be considered that the old literary school never dreamt of using its eyes or ears, and would invent descriptions of sights and sounds with an academic self-sufficiency which led later on to its death from acute and incurable imposture. Its ghost still walks in our resurrectionary reviewing enterprises, with precipitous effects on the circulation.

It is not in the nature of things possible that Mr. Pinero's first variation on the theme of "The Princess" should be successfully acted by a modern London company. If he had scoured the provinces and America for elderly actors, thirty years out of date, and, after raising their wildest hopes by a London engagement, met them at rehearsal with the brutal announcement that they were only wanted to burlesque themselves, the thing might doubtless have been done. But every line of the play proclaims the author incapable of such heartlessness. There are only two members of the "theatrical-folk" section of the cast who carry much conviction; and these are the two Robertsonians, to whom success comes only with the then new order. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is quite the woman who was then the New Woman; and Mr. Paul Arthur, a contemporary American, only needs to seize the distinction made by the Atlantic between "comedy" and "cawmedy" to hit off the historical moment of the author of "Caste" to perfection. And Miss Spong's fairness, fortunately, is universal enough to fit all the centuries and all the decades. But when we come to Ferdinand Gadd, the leading juvenile of "The Wells," we find Mr. Gerald Du Maurier in a difficulty. At his age his only chance of doing anything with the part is to suggest Sir Henry Irving in embryo. But Mr. Pinero has not written it that way: he has left Ferdinand Gadd in the old groove as completely as Mr. Crummles was. The result is that the part falls between two stools. The Telfers also miss the mark. Mr. Athol Forde, the English creator of Kroll in "Rosmersholm," is cut off from the sixties by a mighty gulf. Mrs. Telfer's criticism of stage queens as being "considered merely as parts, not worth a tinker's oath," is not founded on the real experience of Mrs. Saker, whose career has run on lighter lines. My own age in the sixties was so tender that I cannot pretend to know with any nicety what the "principal boy" of the pantomime was like in her petticoats as a private person at that period; but I have a strong suspicion that she tended to be older and occasionally stouter than the very latest thing in that line; and it is the ultra-latest thing that Miss Pattie Browne has studied for Avonia Bunn. On the whole I doubt whether the Court company knows a scrap more about the professional atmosphere of the old "Wells" than the audience.

The "non-theatrical folk" came off better, with one exception. I know that Mr. Dion Boucicault as Sir William Gower can claim a long-established stage convention in favour of his method of portraying crusty senility. But I have grown out of all endurance of that convention. It is no more like a real old man than a worn-out billiard table is like a meadow; and it wastes and worries and perverts the talent of an actor perfectly capable of making a sincere study of the part. We would all, I believe, willingly push the stage old man into the grave upon whose brink he has been cackling and doddering as long as we can remember him. If my vengeance could pursue him beyond the tomb, it should not stop there. But so far, at least, he shall go if my malice can prevail against him. Miss Isabel Bateman is almost charming as Sir William's ancient sister, and would be quite so if she also were not touched by the tradition that old age, in comedy, should always be made ridiculous. Mr. James Erskine is generally understood to be a Lordling, and,

as such, a feeble amateur actor. I am bound to say, in defence of a trampled aristocracy, that he rose superior to the accident of birth, and acted his part as well as it could be acted. This, I observe, is explained away on the ground that he has only to be himself on the stage. I can only reply that the accomplishment of a feat so extremely difficult entitles him to count the explanation as a very high compliment. Mr. Sam Sothorn gives us a momentary glimpse of Lord Dundreary: I wonder what the younger generation thinks of it? Miss Irene Vanbrugh, in the title part, which is not, to tell the truth, a difficult one in the hands of the right person, vanquishes it easily and successfully, getting quite outside those comic relief lines within which her lot has been so often cast.

As to the play itself, its charm, as I have already hinted, lies in a certain delicacy which makes me loth to lay my critical fingers on it. The life that it reproduces had been already portrayed in the real sixties by Dickens in his sketch of the Crummles company, and by Anthony Trollope in his chronicles of Barsetshire. I cannot pretend to think that Mr. Pinero, in reverting to that period, has really had to turn back the clock as far as his own sympathies and ideals are concerned. It seems to me that the world is to him still the world of Johnny Eames and Lily Dale, Vincent Crummles and Newman Noggs: his Paula Tanquerays and Mrs. Ebbsmiths appearing as pure aberrations whose external differences he is able to observe as far as they can be observed without the inner clue, but whose point of view he has never found. That is why Mr. Pinero, as a critic of the advanced guard in modern life, is unendurable to me. When I meet a musician of the old school, and talk Rossini and Bellini and Donizetti, Spohr and Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer with him, we get on excellently together; for the music that is so empty and wooden and vapid and mechanical to the young lions of Bayreuth, is full of sentiment, imagination and dramatic force to us. But when he begins to deplore the "passing craze" for Wagner, and to explain the horrors and errors of the Bayreuth school: its lack of melody, its perpetual "recitative," its tearing discords, its noisy orchestration overwhelming and ruining the human voice, I get up and flee. The unsympathetic discourse about Wagner may be wittier than the sympathetic discourse about Donizetti; but that does not make it any the more tolerable to me, the speaker having passed from a subject he understands to one that has virtually no existence for him. It is just so with Mr. Pinero. When he plays me the tunes of 1860, I appreciate and sympathise. Every stroke touches me: I dwell on the dainty workmanship shown in the third and fourth acts: I rejoice in being old enough to know the world of his dreams. But when he comes to 1890, then I thank my stars that he does not read the "Saturday Review." Please remember that it is the spirit and not the letter of the date that I insist on. "The Benefit of the Doubt" is dressed in the fashions of to-day; but it might have been written by Trollope. "Trelawny of the Wells" confessedly belongs to the days of Lily Dale. And whenever Lily Dale and not Mrs. Ebbsmith is in question, Mr. Pinero may face with complete equanimity the risk of picking up the "Saturday Review" in mistake for the "Mining Journal."

Very different are my sentiments towards the author of "Charlotte Corday" at the Adelphi, whoever he may be. He has missed a rare chance of giving our playgoers a lesson they richly deserve. Jean Paul Marat, "people's friend" and altruist *par excellence*, was a man just after their own hearts—a man whose virtue consisted in burning indignation at the sufferings of others and an intense desire to see them balanced by an exemplary retaliation. That is to say, his morality was the morality of the melodrama, and of the gallery which applauds frantically when the hero knocks the villain down. It is only by coarsely falsifying Marat's character that he has been made into an Adelphi villain—nay, prevented from bringing down the house as an Adelphi hero, as he certainly would if the audience could be shown the horrors that provoked him and the personal disinterestedness and sincerity with which he threw himself into a war of extermination against tyranny. Ibsen may have earned the right to prove by the example of such men as Marat that these virtues were the

making of a scoundrel more mischievous than the most openly vicious aristocrat for whose head he clamoured; but the common run of our playgoers will have none of Ibsen's morality, and as much of Marat's as our romantic dramatists can stuff them with. Charlotte Corday herself was simply a female Marat. She, too, hated tyranny and idealised her passionate instinct for bloody retaliation. There is the true tragic irony in Marat's death at her hand: it was not really murder: it was suicide — Marat slain by the spirit of Marat. No bad theme for a playwright capable of handling it!

What the Adelphi play must seem to anyone who understands this situation, I need not say. On its own conventional stage lines, it appears as a page of romantic history, exciting as the police intelligence is exciting, but not dramatic. Mr. Kyrle Bellew's Marat is a made-up business, extremely disfiguring to himself, which could be done as well or better by any other actor in the very competent company. Mrs. Brown Potter is everything that can be desired from the pictorial point of view (school of Delaroche); and her cleverness and diligence carry her successfully through all the theatrical business of the part. Miss Mabel Hackney and Mr. Vibart gain some ground by their playing: the older hands do not lose any. But the play is of no real importance.

G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

THE unsatisfactory position of affairs in the Far East caused a shyness among members of the Stock Exchange, with the result that very little business was transacted. The tone throughout, however, was firm, whilst among Yankee Rails there was even buoyancy. Even if no fresh development takes place with regard to the Chinese question, it is hoped that a little more briskness will follow the assembling of Parliament. Home rails were generally firm, but with very slight changes, the announcement of the Great Western dividend for the last half of 1897, at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., with a balance forward of £31,300 having caused but little stir. Canadian Railway Stocks seem to have grown tired, and were inclined to droop to a slight extent. Mexican Rails, as we predicted in these columns, continued to grow in strength.

The Mining Market was very quiet in all departments. But the tone was firm, and on Thursday there was even a very slight upward tendency among Kaffirs, whilst Westralian shares were actually strong. Some interest is felt in the appointment by the Committee of Wednesday next as the date of the special settlement for the recent issue of £300,000 5 per cent. debentures of the Robinson Deep.

We sincerely trust that our admiration for the management of the Great Eastern Railway is not to be shaken. When the 5 per cent. dividend was paid a fortnight back we congratulated the Company on the success of their public-spirited policy and go-ahead expenditure. But another view of the Great Eastern management is being whispered abroad, from which we gather that despite its favourable appearance before the public, there is a skeleton in the cupboard of even the Great Eastern Company's home. Some of the clerks in the Company's goods offices were, it is said, worked from 9 a.m. till 9 or 10 p.m. during the latter part of the autumn, and this with but a minimum of time for luncheon and tea. Nor is that the worst. Eight hours' work every Sunday was included in a six days' wage. In justice to the Company it must be pointed out that an extra day's wage was paid on protest, but even then these revelations suggest distinct sweating. We only trust that the Company will be able to give a satisfactory explanation of this report.

Two railway reports especially interesting to Londoners are those of the Waterloo and City and the Central London. As regards the former, it is expected that the work will be completed in March. The final call on the shares of the Company has been received, and the shares will be converted into general capital stock with all the rights and privileges of the holders of existing

shares. The total outlay of capital to date is £473,776, of which £113,170 was received during the last half of 1896. The management estimates an expenditure of £62,000 for the current half-year, and of £41,200 during the next half-year. As regards the Central London, the report is occupied by statements about the progress of the work, all of which are very satisfactory. Over £1,600,000 has already been expended, and it is expected that £700,000 will be spent during the present half-year. Speaking of London railways, it is interesting to note that the bill for the construction of an underground railway from New Cross to Waterloo has been abandoned for the present session, at any rate.

It seems as if there will be a serious agitation regarding an appeal by the London and Brazilian Bank for 1,500,000 5 per cent. mortgage debentures of the Morgyana Railway Company, Limited. These debentures are issued for the purpose of extending the present line to the Port of Santos. The Morgyana is a Brazilian company, and the proposed extension of the line will be an infringement of a concession granted by the Brazilian Government to an English company known as the San Paulo (Brazilian) Railway Company. The concession was granted in 1856, and renewed in 1895, and there is not the smallest doubt that a large number of English investors purchased an interest on the strength of the concession. The Brazilian Government has never tired of trying to handicap the prosperity of the San Paulo line. This latest move is perhaps the most patent step in that direction. From Brazil much is not expected, but astonishment is naturally expressed at the association of Messrs. Glynn, Mills & Currie, Messrs. Coates & Sons, and Messrs. Lawrie, Milbank & Co. with such a scheme. Thanks are due to a leading financial daily for having been the first to deal with the subject.

Mr. C. A. Moreing belongs to a well-known firm of mining engineers, and his article in the current number of "The Nineteenth Century" on the Chinese question contains much of interest with regard to the mineral resources of the Celestial Empire. Mr. Moreing states that his firm sent out a mining engineer of great repute at the invitation of Li Hung Chang, and this gentleman has supplied them with many valuable reports on Manchuria and the Northern Provinces. Thoroughly impressed with the vast underground wealth of China, Mr. Moreing naturally feels keenly sensitive on the question of exclusive privileges to other Powers. At present it appears that the right to mine in China is open to any one who has the energy to undertake it. There is no law on the subject. In the past, China's foreign indebtedness has been covered by the maritime customs, so there has been no need of mining energy, and the people being Chinese have not worked unless obliged to do so. But the eye of the European is upon the mineral wealth of China, which must share with North America the attention of the promoters in the immediate future.

There is evidently a good deal of ingenuity in the management of the Sun Life Assurance Society. They have just devised something new in the way of insurance against accidents, ailments, old age and death. The "Perfect Protection" policy is especially adapted to business and professional men, and is more comprehensive and satisfactory than anything of the kind we have seen. The principal feature of the new scheme is that in the event of the assured becoming, prior to attaining the age of sixty, totally incapacitated by accident or bodily or mental disorder for a period of not less than two calendar months, the managers will allow a remission of such a proportion of the next premium as the time over which this incapacity shall have extended bears to the period covered by the premium. Total incapacity, of course, merely means inability to attend to business or professional duties. On the same system, if a man becomes incapacitated for life before reaching the age of sixty years the policy will hold good, free from the payment of premiums, for the remainder of the life of the assured. In such a case the policy-holder will still continue to participate in profits.



Another important feature of this comprehensive scheme is the payment of one half of the sum assured immediately on the loss of two limbs by physical separation, or complete loss of sight. In such circumstances further premiums will not be required, although the balance of the sum assured, together with bonus additions, will be payable at death. Other advantages already instituted by the Society will apply to this class of policy, such as the payment of premiums in danger of lapsing out of the surrender value, free travel and residence, and loans on policies. There is a special bonus scheme by which "perfect" policies in force upwards of two years will rank at each division for bonus by way of reductions of premiums payable after the age of sixty. When the premiums payable after the age of sixty have been completely extinguished, the policies will still continue to participate in the profits, options of cash or reversionary bonus being allowed at each distribution.

The sudden and large advance in Ferreira shares during the week has been due to large buying orders from Paris. The Ferreira mine has always been a favourite with Parisian speculators, and their revived interest in the Kaffir market is probably the first sign of a renewed period of activity. There does not seem to be any special reason at present why Ferreira shares should go up, but on several occasions we have pointed out that they are much below their real value. It was stated a short time ago that a number of additional stamps had been dropped at the mine, but this is not the case. Only eighty stamps are at work, but it is true that when the Worcester mine is exhausted, which will be in three or four years from now, the Ferreira mine will take over its stamps and with this additional stamping power it will be able to considerably increase the proportion of Main Reef ore crushed. At present 70 per cent. of the rich South Reef ore is being crushed, and at this rate the South Reef would probably be exhausted in less than ten years. Additional stamping power will however enable the mine to maintain its present rate of profits whilst crushing a larger proportion of the poorer ore, and will thus very materially lengthen the life of the mine.

It is expected that the Ferreira Deep, supposed to be the most valuable deep-level property in the Transvaal, will start crushing in a few months' time. It is probable that the reefs will be reached next May, and as soon as sufficient ore is developed 40 out of the 100 stamps with which the mine is to be equipped will be dropped. The working capital for this deep-level has been provided by the Rand Mines Limited, which owns seven-twelfths of the property, and by the Barnato Consolidated Mines, which owns the other five-twelfths. Its total area is equal to about 142 claims, and on the basis of the present value of Ferreira shares the whole is worth about £8,000,000. The share of Rand Mines in the property is therefore worth £4,500,000, or £15 for every Rand Mines share. The approaching period of activity for the Ferreira Deep cannot fail to bring Rand Mines shares nearer to the £40 and more which is supposed to be their real value. There will probably be no public issue of shares in the Ferreira Deep Company, the two proprietary Companies having too shrewd an appreciation of the value of the property to share its profits with any one else.

The Durban-Roodepoort Deep is rapidly approaching the crushing stage, and it is expected that forty stamps will be dropped in April next. The prospects of this deep level are very good. The outcrop mine, the Durban-Roodepoort, has a yield of about £2 6s. per ton, and there is every reason to suppose that this will be obtained in the deep level. With the full complement of 100 stamps this should mean a profit of about £18,000 a month, and the life of the mine on a basis of 15,000 tons of ore from the South Reef per claim, should be about twenty years. The financial position of the Durban-Roodepoort Deep is very favourable. The capital is £350,000, of which £291,000 is issued. It has also issued £200,000 of 6 per cent. debentures, exchangeable for shares at £4, and as there is a reserve of more than 50,000 shares,

these will amply suffice to redeem the debenture debt. It is probable, moreover, that sixty or seventy claims out of the 229 the Company holds, will be sold at a profit equivalent to a return of £1 per share, and as the 48,000 Roodepoort Central Deep Shares the Company owns are worth at the present market price £90,000, a further 5s. may be deducted from the present price of Durban-Roodepoort Deep shares. This leaves 3½ as the price of the shares on the profit-earning prospects of the Company, and there is little doubt, therefore, that by next April the shares will see a substantial rise.

The gold return for Western Australia for the month of January (93,395 ounces) beats all previous monthly records. The Kangaroo market has had a much better tone for the past few days, and buying orders are again coming from Adelaide. Lady Shentons have had a good rise to 3½, and Kalgurli have improved on the announcement of a fresh shipment of 270 tons to the smelters estimated to yield seven ounces to the ton. Increased attention has been attracted to Peakhill shares, large numbers being bought in Perth and Adelaide.

The Peakhill Goldfield is unique as regards its geological formation, and no less so from the commercial point of view of the flotation in London. These mines, which merited being declared a separate goldfield by the Government of Western Australia, are situated between the Murchison and Gascoyne rivers, and for the past four years were profitably worked by labouring miners before they were consolidated in the present Peakhill Goldfield, Ltd. The mines are situated on a flat in area about 160 acres, covered by a bed of auriferous cement having an average thickness of about four feet. Underlying the cement a number of bell-shaped holes occur, evidently extinct hydrothermal craters. The strata beneath consists of decomposed and altered dioritic schists containing auriferous quartz veins which outcrop at the surface in places. In the vicinity of these veins the schists have become altered by the kaolinisation of the felspar by means of hydrothermal action, a sequence of volcanic activity, during which the dioritic rocks have become fractured, and deep hydrothermal waters, charged with carbonates at high pressure and holding gold in solution, have used the fractured rock as a line of least resistance to the surface. It will thus be seen that the formation is quite different from that at Kalgurli, Coolgardie, or indeed any other part of West Australia. This company owes its formation to Mr. Darlington Simpson. Finding about thirty different properties being profitably worked by their separate owners he formed the idea, which he successfully carried out, of consolidating them into one company, as did Mr. Rhodes with De Beers. Hastening the erection of a 10-stamp battery he was able to bring out the mine as a going concern. He brought back after his first visit a fine collection of about £10,000 worth of rich specimens and gold won from the property during the period of his visits, and got a full and exhaustive report on the property by the Government engineer. Questions were asked last month in the Legislative Assembly as to the propriety of Government officials reporting on mines for Mr. Simpson, but the Minister replied, "If I considered any erroneous impression had been created I should certainly take steps to contradict, but I am of opinion that the merits of this field have been rather *understated than overstated*." A further twenty head of stamps is in process of erection, and will be at work in a few months. The company is provided with ample working capital. The Board lacks military knowledge, however—there is not one retired colonel on it, and not a single lord—yet there are some mining men who believe in the future of this company. Crashings up to date are as follow:—November, 447 tons, 1733 ozs.; December, 432 tons, 1863 ozs.

#### NEW ISSUES.

##### GROSVENOR MANSIONS.

There seems to be an unwritten law among those who issue a certain class of prospectus that the investing public should be given as little information as possible. In making a debenture issue the name of a

trustee and some sort of valuation of the property which forms the security, are indispensable. The Grosvenor Mansions, Limited, gives the name of one trustee, and their valuation consists of a letter from a surveyor, stating that in his opinion a certain *gross* rental will be obtainable after a great many improvements have been made, and that the value of the property may be fairly estimated at £91,000. This is, indeed, meagre information, but it is about all the prospective investor will obtain from the document before us. Beyond the present issue of 50,000 4½ per cent. debentures the Company has a share capital of £120,000 in 12,000 5 per cent. cumulative preference and 12,000 ordinary shares of £5 each. Of these £22,500 in preference shares and £40,000 in ordinary shares remain unissued. The time may come when the balance of shares will be offered to the public, and then we trust that the Directors will be prepared to tell us a little more about their enterprise. In the meanwhile the public will have to be of a more confiding nature than it usually is, if they subscribe to the present debenture issue.

#### KENILWORTH SUGAR ESTATES.

The purchase price for the Kenilworth Sugar Estates is £125,000 in cash and shares. The property to be acquired is 10,000 acres of freehold land situate in the delta of the Mississippi in the State of Louisiana; 11,000 acres have already been put into cultivation, and it is intended to erect a sugar factory. The capital of the Company is £160,000 divided into 16,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each, and 16,000 ordinary shares of £5 each. There is also £80,000 five per cent. first mortgage debenture stock. The present issue consists of £60,000 debenture stock and all the preference shares. The vendor accepts the ordinary shares in part payment of the purchase consideration. By the heavy interest attached to the preference and debenture capital it would seem that the directors anticipate big results, and it is possible that their expectations will be fulfilled. The ordinary English investor will do well to bear in mind that the purchase consideration is substantial, and that so little development has taken place at present that the Company must be looked upon as a prospective enterprise, pure and simple.

#### BRANDRUM BROTHERS AND COMPANY.

The business to be acquired by this Company is an old-established one. It has been carried on by the vendors and their predecessors for more than 200 years. This is a very long time; so long, indeed, that we are somewhat surprised that the directors do not think it necessary to reveal profits for a longer period than three years—especially as the last of these three years, 1896, shows £1824 less profit than in 1894. When old-established businesses are offered to the public it is essential that the latter should know whether they are in full prosperity or entering a period of decay. There is a reason for everything, and when no adequate explanation is given for offering shares in an old-established business to the public, the intending investor must make sure that he is not trusting his savings to a declining business. We do not say that in spite of its 200 years the business of Brandrum Brothers may not be still prospering. But we do say that there is nothing in the prospectus to justify such an assumption. On the contrary, the decrease of £1824 in the profits for 1896 as compared with those for 1894 may give rise to a less comfortable belief. The assets to be taken over by the Company are, according to the prospectus, of the value of £102,169. The purchase price has been fixed at £150,000. This means that over £47,000 is being paid for goodwill, which is another very strong reason why the investing public should be satisfied as to the prosperity or decline of the business for which they are asked to pay so big a consideration. The capital of the Company is £150,000, divided into 7500 ordinary shares of £10 each, and 7500 cumulative preference shares of £10 each. The vendors take the purchase money half in cash and half by the allotment of all the ordinary shares. It will be seen that the entire share capital is swallowed up by the purchase price. We presume that for working

capital the Company intends to fall back on £4266 cash in hand or at the bankers, and, perhaps, if that is not sufficient, by the sale of "Investments" to the extent of £6155. These last are described as "Oxford Corporation Stock, &c." There is a good deal of meaning in that word "&c.," an explanation of which might prove very instructive. The methods adopted in this flotation are indeed unusual. They may be satisfactory to the vendor, but they will appear to the man of business as strange finance.

#### HOVIS BREAD.

For many months past the flotation of Hovis Bread Flour Company, Limited, has been in the air, and now the prospectus is before the public. The capital is £225,000, and is divided into 22,500 ordinary shares of £5 each and 22,500 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each. The object of the new Company is described in the prospectus as the purchase of the milling business of Messrs. S. Fitton & Son, of the Steam Flour Mills, Westminster and Macclesfield, together with the "Hovis" flour business. To the Macclesfield factory there are attached printing works for the production of advertising matter relating to "Hovis." In the prospectus is published a certificate by Messrs. Chatteris Nichols & Company, who state that the profits for the last three years have been increasing and have averaged £19,010 per annum. Mr. R. Jewell, the vendor to the Company, has fixed the purchase consideration at £223,410, of which £22,250 will be satisfied by the allotment of 4450 preference shares, £27,250 by the allotment of ordinary shares, and the balance in cash. Subscriptions are invited at par for 18,050 six per cent. cumulative preference shares and 17,050 ordinary shares.

#### A NEW ENTERPRISE: THE HOTEL AVONDALE AND HATCHETT'S.

Every one knows from the daily papers that a company has been formed to buy up Hatchett's and the Avondale Hotel, and to combine the two rival establishments. The prospectus of the Company, we believe, will shortly be issued, and, as the vendors intend to take all the ordinary shares, it can scarcely be doubted that the debentures and preference shares will be eagerly absorbed by the public.

On Friday evening, 28 January, a dinner was held at the Avondale to celebrate the coming into being of this new enterprise. The chair was taken by Mr. W. Grenfell, the celebrated sportsman and athlete. Two speeches made the evening memorable. Mr. Grenfell spoke of the reverence felt by Englishmen for old institutions, and the power that old-established businesses consequently had of renewing themselves in modern guise. The Old White Horse Cellar, established at a time when loyalty to the House of Hanover was less common than it is now, became Hatchett's, the chief centre of modern coaching, and then merged itself in the Avondale, one of the best of modern hotels. But apt as all this was, Mr. Grenfell's speech became most interesting when he spoke of English War Correspondents and their duties. As everybody knows, Mr. Grenfell represented the "Daily Telegraph" at Suakim in the campaign which culminated in the battle at Macneill's Zareba. Everybody knows, too, how Sir William Lockhart has prevented any outside criticism of his proceedings, and how Sir Herbert Kitchener is trying to follow the same ill-omened example in regard to the operations on the Nile. Mr. Grenfell declared that such secrecy was the greatest of mistakes, that there were no such competent and kindly critics as the war correspondents, and certainly no critics in whom the British Public had such confidence. After giving instances of the extraordinary competence of our war correspondents and their superiority as observers of battles even to general officers and their staffs, Mr. Grenfell asserted that the news that our soldiers objected to the company of such trained observers had come with a painful shock to the country at large, and had aroused suspicions which it would be difficult to allay. Needless to say, Mr. Grenfell was heartily cheered for this pronouncement by the guests, among whom were the representatives of nearly every London newspaper. We can only hope that Mr. Grenfell may soon re-enter



Parliament, and lend such opinions as these the support of his vote and voice in the House.

The other notable speech was made by Mr. Wanklyn, the chairman of the new Company. Mr. Wanklyn spoke with the ease, fluency, and point of a practised debater. He told his audience that it was not proposed to make the Avondale Hotel a rival of the huge caravanserais in the Northumberland Avenue. The Metropole, Victoria and Grand were all very well in their way, but there the individual lost his identity in a number, and was provided for somewhat roughly as in other penal establishments. The Avondale intended to be, in point of comfort, an old-fashioned hostelry, while the catering would be in the hands of the best modern professors of the art. Mr. Wanklyn deserved the cheers he got for this statement of policy, and there can be small doubt that the Avondale, under the capable management of Messrs. Eugene and Garin, will rank with the Berkeley and Savoy among the first of London restaurants.

#### ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

GROSVENOR MANSIONS, LIMITED (H. W. M., Piccadilly).—We would recommend you to study carefully our complaints as to meagre details given above. We hear that Mr. E. D. Oppent, whose name will be readily recognised by students of Company promotion history, is behind the scenes of this enterprise. We also hear that the property on which the debentures are being raised was previously offered for £12,000.

ARGENTINE LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED (Herald, Paddington).—We do not recommend you to sell at the present time. In the ordinary course of events the prospects of the Company should improve. There is so much landed property among the assets of the Company that it is difficult to form an opinion on the second part of your question.

ARNOLD J. VAN DEN BERGH, LIMITED (H. J., Norwood).—We commented on this enterprise in our last issue and have no reason to change our opinion as to the unsatisfactory nature of the prospectus.

GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY (Lieutenant-Colonel, Maidstone).—Not at present.

MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED (T.R. P., Westbourne Park).—You can obtain the report by application at the Office in Lombard Street.

GREAT WESTERN (Pierrot, Berkeley Street).—You have not a claim.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### OUR CONQUERORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel Metropole, 1 February, 1898.

SIR,—Discriminating and thoughtful readers will probably consider your editorial comment the most noteworthy portion of the amazing communication appearing in your last week's issue under the above heading—amazing not by reason of its hysterical swashbuckling inanity, but owing to its appearance in the columns of the "Saturday Review."

Your own apologetic note instinctively recalls the rejoinder of Napoleon, "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*," to the whining vagabond who pleaded the necessity for living as the excuse for his mendicancy.

The responsibilities of editorial impartiality doubtless impose a duty of liberal tolerance in the expression of individual opinion upon subjects of legitimate public interest, and, to the credit of British journalism be it said, this impartiality has ever been exercised with that wise leniency which is characteristic of a free, generous, enlightened and sturdy people.

Just in what way the responsibilities of editorial impartiality are invoked by this precious communication of Mr. John Churton Smithson it is somewhat difficult to see.

Most plain persons will be inclined to consider that a piece of guttersnipe scurrility, which admittedly contains no facts and makes no pretence to argument, could hardly invoke any other kind of editorial responsibility than that which should determine, with unhesitating solicitude for the "Saturday Review," not to debase its elevated standard of literary excellence, nor sully the reputation of its high-minded purpose by the insertion of a communication whose trashy verbosity is only surpassed by the venom of personal spite which hisses, in impotent rage, from behind its paltry hypocrisy.

It may be that I misunderstand the prerogatives and responsibilities of journalism in promoting and tolerating independence of thought and expression.

Has not the "Saturday Review" a lofty literary ideal? Does not the editorial aspiration of the "Saturday Review" soar in the direction of high-minded purpose in shaping its traditions and determining the views that shall be propounded in its columns?

I have always looked in the "Saturday Review" for everything that is clean and wholesome and sturdy and invigorating in the matter of right thinking and right feeling on all subjects that are admitted to its comment, criticism or exposition.

The insertion of this silly sulphurous communication of Mr. John Churton Smithson comes perilously near looking as though the "Saturday Review" had temporarily departed from the sphere of clean, dignified respectability, to become the malodorous dumping-ground for the putrid scurrility of some foul-minded epistolary huckster.

Many of your readers will hardly thank you for bestowing the *cachet* of your journalistic rectitude upon this pitiful display of venomous spite.

These are strong words, Mr. Editor; they are even exceedingly offensive. They are designed mainly to open the eyes of Mr. John Churton Smithson to the opinion entertained by one independent individual who—to the limited extent that he will condescend to enter the arena with him—dares to state what he thinks of Mr. John Churton Smithson and his hysterical flapdoodle.

What I might have to say to any of Mr. John Churton Smithson's facts or arguments must remain an open question until he brings some forward.

It would be doing too much honour to this self-complacent correspondent and too much violence to the proprieties of serious controversy to attempt even to parry any of the mud-slinging observations by which this *soi-disant* custodian of all that is noble in British political, social and religious life strives to propound his whimsically momentous thesis that the progress of the Jews is producing the decadence of British national life and the indifference of British Churchmen.

The simple expedient of a parity of reasoning deduced, *mutatis mutandis*, from the disingenuous premises adopted by Mr. John Churton Smithson would so completely demolish his fantastic conclusions, that it seems almost an act of vindictive cruelty to allow them to stand undisturbed as a scoffing rebuke to his argumentative imbecility.

The dignity of serious controversy, however, no less than that of the duelling code, prescribes certain limits of condescension and Mr. John Churton Smithson's propositions are too far below the level of legitimate discussion to admit even of an exception, by grace, in his favour.

Mr. John Churton Smithson says he bears the name of an honest Englishman, intending to imply thereby that he is a worthy representative of that type.

All the other honest Englishmen will feel a little tender regret that this name of an honest man has not been saved by extinction from falling to the heritage of a blatant Pharisaical nincompoop.

Mr. John Churton Smithson may be quite a large number of things which his letter fails to disclose. Very probably, however, he is simply all that his letter portrays, and nothing besides.

Personally I am inclined to consider that Mr. John Churton Smithson is just a plain mouse-coloured donkey, with an inordinate endowment of braying power—the *vox et præterea nihil* of his kind—and the venom of an asp preternaturally superadded.

It will probably be found that Mr. John Churton Smithson has quite a large number of grievances against his fellow-beings which, if psychologically analysed, would disclose nothing more serious than that venomous spite, rage and jealousy which is the fulsome unwitting homage that debilitated incompetence pays to sturdy achievement.

Mr. John Churton Smithson is not alone: he typifies a large class of pestiferous drones that buzz querulously in all countries. They neither purify, nor reform, nor advance anything.

They sink in the quicksands of their own infirmity of purpose, and denounce their more fortunate fellow-beings whose feet are firmly planted on the terra firma which they have reached by their superior industry, thrift, steadfastness, sobriety and tenacity.

This impotent rage of disgruntled failure is as old as the universe; it is the fly on the wheel of the world-chariot; it is the parasite of all human progress.

The co-ordination of ideas and the exigencies of human intercourse, by necessitating the adoption of a phrase to denote the phenomenon, give it a semblance of reality and continuity wholly unjustified by the inherent character of the conditions from which the grievance emanates.

These grievances take various names at different epochs, according to the latest prevailing fashion in terminology or the special interests of the disgruntled faction that is filling the atmosphere with its querulous buzzing.

"The tyranny of Capital," "the down-trodden working-man," "the private ownership of land," "manhood suffrage," "the ambition of Cæsar," "the despotism of Napoleon," and the other numerous incongruous abstractions have all figured in their turn in the long list of parasitic grievances. For the moment, the prevailing fashion in definition among hysterical *déséquilibrés* grievance-mongers, is "Jewish Gold" and "Jewish domination of the Press."

To parody a remark of Mr. John Churton Smithson, the appositeness and defensibility of such definition depends entirely upon the intellectual stock-in-trade of those who invent or make use of it for their own self-seeking purposes.

Mr. John Churton Smithson should be advised to look out for a sponsor with more intellectual ballast than he himself possesses, and an immunity from his taint of Pharisaical hypocrisy, if he really thinks so little of British honesty or British plain common sense as to imagine that a propaganda of plain common nonsense will ever take root in modern England.

Mr. John Churton Smithson should also be advised to acquaint himself with a few first principles of logic. They will familiarise him with the generic character of facts and arguments, and perhaps enable him to discriminate between these primary requisites to practical discussion and the wild vapourings of a red-flannel stage dragon.

To parody the mock-heroics of Mr. John Churton Smithson let it be added that the insignificant name at the foot of this letter is that of an honest Englishman who has an honest contempt for all cant, hypocrisy and the nauseating pettinesses of small minds.

It is also the name of one who was born and brought up to the tenets of the Hebrew faith.

I am neither proud nor ashamed of belonging to the Jewish race. That is merely a personal trait, due to a tendency of mind which impels me to look for satisfaction only from the consciousness of something achieved by and through myself independently of the adventitious aids of ancestry or heritage.

The seeming vain-gloriousness of this irrelevant personal explanation might well determine its omission, excepting for the fact that it is designed to reinforce the consistency of that which follows.

To the vast majority of Jews who, in common with the votaries of other religions, are inspired by the glories and achievements of those who have preceded them, I can conceive nothing more soul-satisfying than to be able to claim kinship with a race that has contributed so large a share towards the intellectual, æsthetic; moral and material achievement underlying all human progress; nothing more ennobling in its inspiration than to strive for enrolment in the long list of illustrious men who have left the heritage of this achievement to posterity; nothing more thrilling than the sturdy virility which has enabled them to confront with an unruffled countenance centuries of barbaric persecution, and rise superior to its devastating consequences.

It is a mere matter of detail, hardly necessary to urge in the columns of a serious journal, that there is among those who have been born and reared under the tenets of the Hebrew faith, probably as large a percentage of shortcomings as among those whom for-

tuitous circumstances have attached to other religious denominations. The juxtaposition of religion at all with these character traits is the one irrational absurdity of the whole proposition.

Whatever be the causes and explanations of shortcomings that are the common heritage of man and the concomitant of his intellectual and physical limitations, it is pretty certain that they flourish not by reason of, but most unquestionably in spite of the inheritance or the cultivation of a true spiritual humanitarian religion.

That this truism is not often found in experience to be very truthful is due to the fact that obtrusive religion which is cultivated so militantly and exclusively by men of the John Churton Smithson type, is little better than a dark vault where they inter their dead consciences, under the illusion that the conceptualised Divinity, to whom they proffer their lip-service and ritual observances, is keeping their souls clean and free from moral putrefaction.

It would be interesting to know what the Author of the Sermon on the Mount would think of the sentiment of brotherly love propounded by this Mr. John Churton Smithson, who blasphemes the nobleness of transcendental Christianity by presuming to enrol himself among the spiritual followers of its Founder.

I presume, Mr. Editor, it will not be necessary to make a special appeal for your indulgence in permitting the insertion of this letter in your columns. Your Editorial impartiality has already established the latitude for the free discussion of private methods and principles in relation to public issues. This letter is an attack upon the methods and pseudo-principles of Mr. John Churton Smithson.

Mr. John Churton Smithson has been permitted the freedom of your columns in order to make a vicious attack upon a number of gentlemen, many of whom are mentioned by name. They will probably be found to be at least as harmless and unoffending as their assailant, to whom you have extended such lavish courtesy.

I hold no brief for these gentlemen. I do not even know them. Presumably, they are all peaceable, tax-paying citizens, who strive to do their duty according to their lights, contributing, in their measure, towards the world's progress and the alleviation of its sufferings.

It is not possible that Mr. John Churton Smithson can be doing any more.—Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY SAMUEL.

[We print this astonishing communication with interest and amusement, but have not space for more of the letters which have reached us on the subject.—ED.]

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 February, 1898.

SIR,—Mr. Justice Grantham cannot defend himself in your columns, and there has been so much that is astonishing in the treatment of the Spriggs case by some of the London papers that I trust you will find a corner for a defender of that learned judge. The case made by Spriggs of alibi was a very strong one, and in his defence he was not in an ordinary position, as all the expenses of his witnesses were paid by the Treasury, so that he had every chance to put forward everything which could be said, and there was no fear of want of means having deprived him of any chance.

The case for the prosecution was also an overwhelmingly strong one; there were twelve quite independent witnesses who swore to him definitely—they were in no way shaken in cross-examination by his counsel, and they bore the appearance of reliable and respectable persons. All these witnesses were civilians except one, so that it could not in any way be called a police case. That being so, it appears to me that it was eminently a case for a jury to decide whether on the whole case they were or were not satisfied, and they decided they were. I am not for a moment saying that the judge did not sum up for a conviction, but that, particularly in Wales, does not always or even often mean that a jury will not acquit. I am not in any way either commenting on the verdict or the Home Secretary's decision, but I do not think that the case ought to be treated as it has been in the Press, as one in which a conviction was obtained against the evidence.—Yours truly,

LEX.



## REVIEWS.

## CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

"Christina Rossetti. A Biographical and Critical Study." By Mackenzie Bell. London: Hurst.

IT is perhaps inevitable that a memoir of Christina Rossetti should be dull, but the dullness need not be protracted. Mr. Mackenzie Bell, with the best intentions in the world, is sympathetically dull in 350 pages. Five chapters are biographical, five chapters critical. Yet everything worth saying about Christina Rossetti as a woman could have been said in the first chapter, and everything worth saying about her as a writer in the second. A pious, unmarried woman, who is uncommunicative, sees few people, and stays at home most of her life, can scarcely, even if she is a woman of genius, afford much material to a biographer. The fact that she is a woman of genius will not of necessity make her life in the slightest degree different from that of ordinary, thoughtful, domesticated women. The deeper, the more sincere, her genius, the more essentially womanly will it be, and therefore the more retired, the more quiescent. It is only the blue-stocking who has adventures, and the blue-stocking is an admiring parody of whatever is most pretentiously futile in the literary man. No woman writer ever lived in more absolute seclusion than Miss Rossetti; when it has been said that she was the very pattern and model of all daughters, a helpful and unobtrusive sister, the most considerate of friends, all has been said about her general relations with people that requires saying. Her piety, like her qualities of use and affection, was undisplayed, except by her books; it was of the higher and contemplative rather than of the busy, lower kind. All that we need know, all that we ever can know, about her, we learn from her writings, which are always personal in the sense that they are always the direct outcome of her temperament. From her writings we gather that her life was shadowed by one great sorrow, concerning which a biographer can naturally say nothing, and concerning which it is absolutely unessential for us to know anything. When Mr. Gosse prints a letter telling how her sense for nature was quickened by the sight, at the age of fourteen, of primroses in a railway-cutting, we are told a little significant fact which has a certain interest. But by how much are we the wiser when Mr. Bell prints such notes as this, which is fairly typical of his pages?

"My dear William,—The accompanying 16s. 3d. stands for our share up to January 8, but if you deem yourself entitled to additional pennies I will honour your view—my arithmetic is not a prime article."

This is given to show that Miss Rossetti "could be quietly droll concerning her own habits," and we are solemnly presented with "the following excerpts from letters to Mrs. and Mr. W. M. Rossetti," which "attest the same quality":

"Please wink at ugliness, as I have lost my pen."

"Thank you for thinking my austere presence would be 'nice.'"

"I am not conspicuously in bloom:—but let us hope I resemble the trampled chamomile which 'yields more sweets the while.'"

Really, to print such things as these, and by the page, is to go a long way towards making Miss Rossetti ridiculous, which is not at all the same thing as showing her to have a sense of humour. A sense of humour she certainly had, but it was of so faint a kind that it rarely settled definitely into any single sentence, but, at the most, floated like an atmosphere about a whole paragraph or page. Humour, in her, was chiefly style, the artistic escape from that crudeness of facts, as they state themselves, which we are all trying, in our different ways, to find for ourselves. Its presence in her poetry brings a certain delicate aloofness into her closest contact with real and homely things. In her prose, so largely religious, it saves her statements of doctrine from becoming too doctrinal in manner. But it was not distinct enough to give positive literary value to her letters. Almost every letter she wrote had a certain turn of phrase, just sufficient to show that she was a woman who could write beautifully; but there was rarely more

than this somewhat negative merit. Expressing herself, as she did, always with reserve in her published work, she was even less ready to be communicative about herself in her private letters, where there was not the little square grating of the confessional between her and the unseen listener. And so, in the whole of this book, where so many agreeable letters are quoted from, on so many subjects, there is scarcely a single one which adds anything to our knowledge of the writer, and scarcely one which has any value in itself as writing.

We are afraid that Mr. W. M. Rossetti is partly responsible for at all events some of the faults of this memoir. Of his "unwearied sympathetic co-operation and unvarying kindness," which Mr. Bell gratefully acknowledges, we have no doubt; but we have many doubts as to the value of that co-operation and the discretion of that kindness. The two huge volumes in which Mr. W. M. Rossetti has so deeply embedded his brother are to us, we must confess, precisely what is called a "mine of information." We have dug our way through them with a sense of pleasure singularly enhanced by the sense of difficulties overcome. We have struck upon vein after vein of rich mineral, but with what mental sweat we have followed the drill or bore, as it worked slowly forward in the dark! It is invaluable that such persons as Mr. W. M. Rossetti should exist; if his like had only existed in the time of Shakespeare we should have known at least the initial of the dark woman, the shape and material of the second-best bed, and the number of glasses that Shakespeare drank at the "Mermaid," though we might have wondered that so dull a fellow should have written such good plays. But imagine a fact-collector resolved to find out facts about Christina Rossetti! "Strange as it may seem to say so of a sister who, up to the year 1876, was almost constantly in the same house with me, I cannot remember ever seeing her in the act of composition." Strange that Mr. Rossetti should tell us that, and stranger still that he should have been surprised to have it to tell us! But here is a specimen of what he has got to tell us, and it is a specimen also of the amazingly conscientious way in which Mr. Bell at once respects and distorts the written word,—

"It would be a mistake to think that C[hristina] caught from Gabriel a fancy for odd-looking animals—She had it equally herself—She knew Wombat and Ratel at the Zoological Gardens: Gabriel never possessed a Ratel, nor a Wombat until several years after C[hristina] wrote "Goblin M[arket]."—It was C[hristina] and I who jointly discovered the Wombat in the Zoological Gardens—From us (more especially myself), Gabriel, [Sir Edward] Burne-Jones, and other Wombat enthusiasts, ensued, such is my reminiscence and belief."

"It seems a thing to wonder on," in what Mr. W. M. Rossetti, combined with Mr. Bell, would call "(Gab[riel]'s suggestion perhaps)." But it is of many such things that this book is made up; and when Mr. Bell passes from personal to critical considerations he is not more happy. Here is a specimen,—

"Love poetry is a conspicuous feature in the volume under consideration. In the original manuscript, dated in Christina's own handwriting 12 December, 1848, of 'When I am dead, my dearest,' now in my possession, and appearing in facsimile on p. 147, the stanzas are written without a break, and the fourteenth line runs

That doth nor rise nor set

instead of

That doth not rise nor set

in the printed version. There are, besides, six variations in punctuation. Some critics have held that the metre of this song is a glad metre, and the metre is used to imply a chastened gladness in the thought of death. But such an opinion savours of super-subtlety."

Need we continue? Yes, for there is a certain remark which shows so complete a misunderstanding of Miss Rossetti's whole system of versification that it ought not to pass unobserved. Mr. Bell, referring to the "Song" beginning, "Oh roses for the flush of youth," writes, "It is noteworthy that in

Before in the old time,  
the last line of this exquisite song, not only is the

stress laid upon the article 'the,' but the accentuated word is followed by a vowel whereby a hiatus occurs, which renders the line almost immetrical and unscannable."

To be quite thorough, Mr. Bell should have objected also to the line just above: "And bay for those dead in their prime," and informed us that the stress of that line came on the word "in," and that it was therefore "almost immetrical and unscannable." So many people are still unable to realise that it is a hopeless task to try to scan English verse according to classical methods, and that the stress in a line (as Mr. Bridges has pointed out with absolute lucidity in his tract on Milton's prosody) may be shifted almost at will. The rare music of such a line as "Before in the old time"—one of Miss Rossetti's most beautiful and characteristic lines, towards which, indeed, the whole poem is a metrical working-up—comes from the delicate shifting of the stress, off the normal beat, and the heavy lingering over the words "old" and "time." Read for the sense, in this and the other line, and you will come infallibly upon the novel music.

And now, after so much fault-finding, which we have felt to be absolutely demanded by the serious faults of the book before us, let us, more briefly but not less emphatically, bear witness to the true reverence, the profound admiration, the winningly sympathetic nature of its intentions. Mr. Bell is a hero-worshipper without discrimination, but he is a genuine hero-worshipper, and though there are many words in his book which we should like to see altered, there is not a word which does not do its best to paint a faithful and affectionate portrait of one of the greatest women of our time, of one of the few great poetesses of all time. His book, with all its imperfections, is worth possessing for several reasons, and not least because of the six portraits, some of which are reproduced for the first time. It includes a useful bibliography, and, containing as it does too many facts, it seems, at all events, to have dispensed equally with inaccuracies and with omissions.

#### MR. BENSON'S LATEST BOOK.

"The Vintage. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence." By E. F. Benson. Methuen.

THE case of Mr. E. F. Benson is a curious one, and deserves the attention of a philosophic mind. He began his career as a novelist by writing, when he was little more than a boy, a social or satirical novel which would have attracted little notice if Society had not persuaded itself that certain of its leaders were "taken-off" in its pages. No sooner was that idea bruited abroad, than "Dodo" began to sell in thousands, and was the ruling success of an hour. It was gaily observed and carelessly written; it was impertinent, entertaining and curiously high-toned; it was just the sort of book a clever undergraduate writes, and afterwards needlessly regrets. But what a rocket to blaze high into the literary firmament! Naturally elated by his amazing success, Mr. Benson went on and published "The Rubicon." Every reviewer who had been offended by the flippancy and by the popularity of "Dodo" fell on this new venture and smote it with staves; the indifferent public, which rushed to it for further revelations about Mrs. A—— and Miss B——, was deeply disgusted to find that "The Rubicon" was not a *roman à clef*. Then Mr. E. F. Benson became the literary stray dog of the hour, and everybody had some old tin kettle to fling at him.

But the poor young man was feeling about for a method. And then another calamity befell him; he thought he was a mystic and a psychologist, and he wrote "The Judgment Books," a fiasco of the worst sort. Most people would have given up, or have sunk to the facile production of rubbish, but what interests us most about Mr. Benson is his indomitable perseverance. He was not going to be beaten, it seems, even by the discovery that his books were bad. Then came a ray of hope; he published "The Babe B.A.," a farcical trifle, indeed, but exceedingly funny, and written on a much higher level than he had hitherto reached. And now, after a rather long silence, he presents to us an historical romance, of considerable length; no farce or ground-bait for shrimps, but a

really solid and ambitious work. The author of "Dodo," whom indolent reviewers rise up early to jeer at, has written a perfectly serious study in fiction; and we think it no more than common justice to say that the success of it is beyond question. "The Vintage" is not a masterpiece, but it is an excellent piece of romantic literature, and we think that Mr. Benson is really on his legs at last.

The story deals with the condition of Greece in 1820, just before the War of Independence broke out. When the tale begins, the hero, Mitsos, "an enormous boy of the Greek country type, close on the edge of manhood," is living a happy, idle life with his father, a peasant, in the neighbourhood of Nauplia. To them comes Nicholas, the uncle of Mitsos, one of those who are preparing to struggle to throw off the intolerable yoke of the Turk. Nicholas is much struck with the manliness and loyalty of Mitsos, and determines to prepare him for taking a prominent part in the coming "vintage," for so, in the mystic language of the patriots, the great uprising is referred to. Nicholas puts Mitsos to certain tests, all of which he comes out of with shining honours, and he is accordingly enrolled among the secret emancipators of his country. In this capacity he is sent through the length and breadth of the peninsula on confidential missions of the highest delicacy, and thus the author has an opportunity of describing to us the progress of the revolution, and of its aspect in various quarters of the country. The boyish enthusiasm and rich-blooded nature of Mitsos lead to innumerable adventures in love and war, which very gaily embroider the narrative. The love-scenes may be especially commended for their delicate glow of passion. We shall not attempt to describe the plot in detail; to do so would be to rob Mr. Benson of his legitimate surprises.

We are struck, in laying down "The Vintage," with the close observation of pastoral life in Greece, to which Mr. Benson has evidently devoted himself. The incidents in the various country-side occupations are described with great charm and by a firm hand. Especially beautiful are the many nocturnal scenes in the bay of Nauplia, which delight us whenever they recur. We would warmly encourage Mr. Benson to pursue a kind of writing for which he shows an aptitude of an unusual kind, for this new romance is much more in the manner of Björnson or of Verga than like any English specimens that we happen to recollect. In the earlier chapters we have no fault to suggest; the writing is correct and sometimes glowing, the painting solid and bright, the emotions that are awakened of an excellent liveliness. But as "The Vintage" progresses we are bound to say that signs of inexperience in the composition of a historical romance begin to betray themselves. The political interest supplants the interests of emotion and adventure; the author is too much absorbed in the actual facts of the struggle; his canvas is crowded with figures and yet seems empty. Here he is still exotic, but if he has left Verga and Björnson behind, he has not caught up Tolstoi or Sienkiewicz. This art of marshalling armies across a little book of fiction is not learned in a day. But Mr. E. F. Benson has written a very graceful and even moving story on a theme which demanded unusual concentration of effort. We congratulate him, and we hope that "The Vintage" will come to be looked back upon as the first serious step in a distinguished literary career.

#### THE STORY OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LIFE.

"The Story of Gladstone's Life." By Justin McCarthy. London: Black.

MR. MCCARTHY tells us in his preface—and the book itself fully bears him out—that he does not make any pretence of a special knowledge of political facts, nor has he had recourse to correspondence or documents bearing upon his subject that are not accessible to every student of contemporary English history. The question that naturally arises upon such a confession is why, if he was thus aware at the outset that he had nothing in particular to say, he has taken the trouble to say it. The reply is simply that Mr. McCarthy knows his public. His book will undoubtedly be popular and saleable. A



generation ago its production would not have been possible. A generation or two hence, when our education system has had time to develop into something more than a skin-deep influence upon our national life, it will be again impossible. But in the meantime we have a half-educated generation turned loose from our schools, a great new reading public, clamouring for literature within their range of intelligence. It is the psychological moment for shallowness. There are fortunes and baronetcies to be had for scraps and tit-bits, fame for the retailing of idle gossip or raw nonsense in fiction. In the political department of this new market, in which Mr. McCarthy has pitched his stall, there is a ludicrous assumption of superiority. It fancies itself as standing for higher things, for a prevailing sense of citizenship and an intelligent interest displayed by "the people" in public affairs. This assumption is utterly without warrant; for the political literature provided for popular reading is merely a branch of the general trade in tittle-tattle. Its purveyors—"our lobby correspondents," writers "from the floor of the House," and all the rest of them—know their business far too well to allow any serious consideration of public affairs to spoil their work. How Mr. A held the listening House spell-bound, or Mr. B yawned on the Treasury bench, or Mr. C came down in a white waistcoat, or Mr. G's necktie used to work round under his left ear when he got excited—that is the kind of thing with which they fill their daily columns for a public that reads it under the impression that it is getting a vivid word-picture of the inner political life of the time. "The Story of Gladstone's Life" belongs to this class of descriptive journalism. When we say that Mr. McCarthy knows his public we do not suggest that he has set himself, deliberately and of malice aforethought, to pander to what he knows is the public taste for trivialities. He chatters, chatters on his way so complacently that it is evident he shares the taste himself, and thoroughly believes that work of this kind is worth doing. And certainly he does it without the offensiveness in which certain of its professors wallow. His political opponents do not continually "turn livid with rage," nor "hiss out their malice and disappointment." Of course he tells us that "at a moment of great political crisis Mr. Chamberlain contrived to stab Mr. Gladstone in the back," for that is a phrase without which no book by an Irish Nationalist writer would be complete; but on the whole he keeps to a pleasant tea-party style of description. Even in mere verbal matters he is all for quietness; so that when by any chance a brisk expression slips from his pen he is half afraid of it. "That is just where, to use a colloquial phrase, the trouble comes in." "The declaimer who had the courage to attack him was soon, to use a very colloquial expression, sorry he spoke." He uses this semi-apologetic locution until, not to put too fine a point upon it, we are reminded of Mr. Snagsby and his catch-word.

Of biography in any real sense, of insight or characterisation, of the actual life of its subject, the book gives us nothing whatever. The events that lie on the surface, the facts as to Mr. Gladstone's birth and education and office-holding, such as any catalogue, maker could string together, are dished up in the descriptive reporter style, with a relish of such minor incidents as Mr. McCarthy owes to his position of observation inside the House of Commons. A single illustration will serve to show how entirely superficial that observation has been. Mr. McCarthy is great upon the voices of his Parliamentary heroes. The voice is always the first thing he notes about them, and he leaves his reader with the impression that the one sign of greatness in a public man is a sound throat. Upon Mr. Gladstone's voice he lavishes many deserved superlatives. Sir Robert Peel had "a voice strong, clear, flexible and sweet." O'Connell possessed "a voice of marvellous strength and music;" Disraeli "had a deep, low, powerful voice;" and so it goes on, until at last he has to deal with a man who succeeds without having a good voice. Mr. McCarthy cannot understand such a mystery as that; and his puzzled attempt to account for Mr. Lowe is delightfully comical. "He had a very bad voice and a wretched articulation; his sight was miserably short, and if he

had any notes he found it almost impossible to read them; he had to compete with men whose voices and articulation were magnificent; and yet he held his own. His success was a wonder and a puzzle to me. I could not dispute the success, but it astonished me. I could not understand, and I cannot understand now, how he came to carry off the honours of debate." Clearly the existence of any qualities that lie below the surface has not been revealed to Mr. McCarthy. Such points of gesture, articulation, personal appearance and obvious qualities of industry or earnestness as can be catalogued like the points of a prize ox he knows and can write down; but for anything beyond that we look in vain. This puzzlement of his over the inexplicable success of a man with poor articulation is a guide to his whole method. It gives you the point of view from which life presents itself to him and to the great reading public in whose gift contemporary popularity is.

The larger qualities of literature are not in question with such work as this. It would be absurd to look at trifles from the point of view of eternity, and criticism must come down to a consideration of mere accuracy, the crowning virtue of small things. Even here Mr. McCarthy fails: his political bias puts his hand out. He can be wonderfully accurate when he likes; as, for example, when he tells us that "what we call a title of courtesy merely indicates that the bearer of it is a son of a peer, and, not being a peer himself, is free to be elected to the House of Commons;" or, better still, speaks of "Arthur Hallam, to whose gifts and virtues the late Lord Tennyson has inscribed one of his greatest poems, the 'In Memoriam.'" We are very glad that these and a number of other equally little-known facts are at last given to the public. Their accuracy, we believe, cannot be seriously disputed. The inaccuracies of which we complain are in Mr. McCarthy's dealing with his political opponents, especially with Mr. Disraeli. In his chapter on Gladstone and Disraeli as rivals, Mr. McCarthy, in order to exalt the former, has thought it necessary to belittle the latter. He sneers at him for an alleged want of education. "Disraeli could not read Latin or Greek; he could not speak French." He "had no such ubiquitous tastes and no such varied knowledge. He had travelled more than Gladstone ever travelled, but he brought back little from his wanderings. His life ran in a narrow groove;" and so on for several pages. We do not dispute with Mr. McCarthy as to his opinion of the two men; but only as to his facts. Disraeli did speak French, and was an excellent classical scholar. If Mr. McCarthy desires proof of that, he will find it, to give one instance only, in the speech delivered to the Glasgow students in 1873. Mr. McCarthy has done his best, no doubt; but the story of Mr. Gladstone's life has yet to be written.

#### THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

"The Glasgow School of Painting." By David Martin. With an Introduction by Francis H. Newbery, Head Master of Glasgow School of Art. London: Bell.

THE critical and descriptive notices that accompany the pictures in this book, and the introduction to both, are the hardest reading we have done for many a day. The writing must have been easy enough. It is not that the authors have not known their own minds on their topics, but that they have so frequently thought they were expressing their minds when in fact they were expressing nothing at all. Like B. R. Haydon, as described by Tom Taylor, after a fairly successful rendering of some fact or thought, they have begun to flourish about with the pen as did Haydon with his brush, in fatuous exultation and unintelligibility. Here for instance is an example in the art of "coiling" a sentence: "But it still remains a truth that among the leaders of any movement appear that exaggeration and overstraining which are ever the causes of battle; less because their works are in reality much out of the normal, but simply because of that very difference, however slight, between their productions and the normal." Several pages are studded with knots of this kind, the untying of which does not aid the student in appreciating the undoubted sympathy and comrade-like

feeling that have prompted the publication of the work. Mr. Martin and Mr. Newbery contradict each other rather directly in their estimate of influences which have made this Glasgow School what it is. Mr. Newbery says, "The School owes nothing to Continental or Foreign teaching or influence"; while Mr. Martin points out a number of cases where the artists have graduated in foreign parts. It is true Mr. Newbery excepts "any possible fructifying it might have had by the study of work other than its own;" but this merely means that, "excepting certain foreign influences, no foreign influences have given it anything," which does not help us much to a clear estimate of the evolution of the Glasgow School. But although there is mazziness and even vacuity in some of their paragraphs, others reveal a power of judgment, a sympathy with progress and a sense of comradeship that are of good omen always in art movements, and are much demanded at this day when the great inrush of commercialism to the ranks of painting, that took place some years ago, has been followed by desertion of the disillusioned speculators, and a general sickening throughout society at the very name of Art. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," and no sordidness taints the world so foully as that which exploits the arts. If these brave Glaswegians—remnants of the protestants who some years ago raised their voices against the stodgy conventions that ruled in academic circles—can live their own lives right to the end, they may do much to excite in other parts of the world a return to the way that is for ever the only right one in art—the practice of art for the sake of beauty, not fashion or wealth. While saying this it is also open to us to remind the "School" that they may not know everything in Glasgow any more than in London or "Judee." Mr. Newbery claims for his friends that they in common with circles in other places have tried to get back to the tracks left by the great European portrait-painters who ended, as Ruskin would have it, with Gainsborough: whose technical knowledge ended, as others might say, with Etty. But is there any steadily-shown evidence that either the New British or New Continental Schools are alive to the language in which the great portrait-painters expressed themselves? Between a new European and an old one of the great schools there is a striking technical dissimilarity. Technically, all the sterling examples of each school rank themselves naturally within the school of their date, however æsthetically different, or even morally and socially different their stamp may be. Goya will not be mistaken for Manet, or Manet for Delacroix, or any of them for Holman Hunt. But collectively their utter lack of the technical manner of the Venetian and Flemish great men encloses and separates them from the elders completely.

And, however the Glasgow scholars may have striven to hear what the elder masters' tradition of technique was, they have as yet signally failed to show any power to use it in their own works: they are as essentially different in technique from Vandyck or Gainsborough as is Frith or Poynter or Holman Hunt. The individualism grown out of the revolutionary epochs has given great gifts of insight, but the power to reconquer the workshop secrets of Rubens, or even his Scottish pupil Jameson, it has not as yet given. It may be some fox will say the grapes are sour, but the candid student will be wiser, and in time he may reach far enough to pluck the ripe fruit down. As yet all that brave ones like the Glasgow men and the "new English," following the Pre-Raphaelites, have done is the salutary business of clearing away the conceit and pomposity of the Bohemian, and what Haydon called the "tiptoe" schools of the early and mid-Victorian periods. But that is a small part of the whole task, a task that can only be finished by united action and feeling. So far as certain absolutely essential qualities are concerned, it is as well at once to recognise the unpalatable fact that if the Art of Painting was that practised by the greater Venetians, by the greater Flemings, by the greater eighteenth-century English, then the Art of Painting is lost, for we know not how they painted. Irresponsible beings are to be found who cry, "There is no right way of painting: the result only is in question, not the method." To these we might reply, "Well, achieve results like the 'Family of Darius'; like the badly-doctored

"Bacchus and Ariadne," or like Gainsborough's "Parish Clerk," and we will at once admit that results only, and not the means, count. However, until these great feats are accomplished, we can but hope the New School's, wherever placed, will continue their absorption in the inexhaustible combinations of art and nature; in the endless different modes of looking at the earth and its component items. With the crayon and with the monochromatic brush at least, we are level with the ancients; "the readiness is all." The reproductions here from the works of twenty-one artists give a very inadequate idea of all but the general arrangement of lines in each. The masses cannot be translated out of colour into monochrome by photography—let artists more and more lay that unflattering unction to their souls. As time wears on, and the sordid wears out, the demand for reasonable interpretations of colour-works will grow. It is a kind of cowardice that keeps draughtsmen from speaking this truth boldly out. No photograph can restate colour either in nature or pictures as it should be restated. To us, who have seen many of the originals of the copies in this book, the copies are rather painful. Still it may be that even thus an interest will be excited in the living Schools of to-day, and their life nourished into wider vitality. Certainly the mere existence of a band of artists like this of the North is remarkable and interesting. We at once think of the brilliant and sometimes admirable guilds in old Flanders, Germany and Italy, where, if there were unpleasing rivalries there were also glorious generousities. Whatever the rivalries may have done, it was the generousities that kept the schools alive.

#### VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

"H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. An Account of his Career, including his Birth, Education, Travels, Marriage and Home Life; and Philanthropic, Social and Political Work." London: Richards.

AN indulgent mistress who gives a character to a departing cook, puts down all the good qualities she can conscientiously vouch for, and leaves the rest to be discovered by the next victim. If the United States should desire a king, and Prussia be willing to accommodate them (very conceivable hypotheses), a similar method might be adopted in drawing up a testimonial: it might describe the bearer as smart, energetic and warranted to make the eagle flap his wings and scream. But as the British Empire is not parting with the Prince of Wales, and is very far from wishing to do so, it is difficult to see that any good purpose can be served by this biography of him. Yet it may serve one good purpose; it may make him laugh; and laughter apparently is a rare luxury in his life of duty and devotion. For here we have a picture of a prince as he ought to be, according to the conceptions of a small tea-party. Steam rises from the hissing urn, and the Nonconformist conscience hovers in the steam. Page after page of this volume impresses us with the lesson that to be respectable is the chief duty of man; that life has its obligations as well as its annoyances; that as the great social caravan traverses the desert of time, no well-behaved donkey will deviate from the beaten track to snatch a thistle. The route is always arranged far in advance, and there is nothing to do but live up to its exigencies.

Glancing through the chapters to see if his Royal Highness is granted no relaxation from the round of tutors and universities, processions and addresses, we learn that he sometimes goes shooting: but, then, exercise is necessary to health, and his health is important to the country. He also sometimes travels to Syria, America, India or France; but this is either to improve his mind or to charm the West, to conciliate the East or to cement the Empire and its alliances with the mortar of good-fellowship. In every instance,

"He left his country for his country's good."

The heading of Chapter X. begins, "Quiet Years of Public Work, 1876-87," Chapter XII. brings "The Baccarat Case" and disappointment to the prurient mind. Chapter XVI., "Life in London!" That is a cheerful note: now or never he will throw off his cares. Paris has been called "the city of the carnal man"; but London is the city of the soul. And we find that, in fact, the Prince of Wales does give dinner-parties:



indeed, he is bound to, if you consider it. He also visits the theatres: his occasional presence there is a great support to enterprising managers. And clearly this is the right spirit in which to go to a theatre: to patronise the drama, not to enjoy the play. But life in London affords other opportunities of philanthropic exertion. It is characteristic of our age that so many things need to be opened: a prince should begin opening things early and work at it all the time. An ideal prince opens everything, except oysters and champagne.

As to the truth of the rumour that a lady is responsible for this biography every reader of it must judge. Is it likely that a woman would know, or think it worth the mentioning, that the Prince's wardrobe may be valued at £15,000; or that his dinner-service cost £20,000? How could a woman beg, borrow or steal a menu card from Marlborough House, and print it? But let not any greedy man who reads as far as the page where this occurs, suppose that such a dinner is one of the rewards of virtue. On the contrary, it is an act of virtue. For it is the Derby dinner, and its object is to support the institutions of the country. On the whole, it is a mercy that the Prince of Wales understands the country better than his eulogist.

#### LATER RELIQUES OF OLD LONDON.

"Later Reliques of Old London." Drawn in Lithography by T. R. Way, with an Introduction and Descriptions by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London: Bell.

A RECENT number of the "Saturday Review" contained an appreciative notice of a very charming series of views of old London houses, executed in lithography by Mr. T. R. Way, and described by Mr. H. B. Wheatley. In the course of the article we expressed a hope that a further series would be promptly forthcoming, before the picturesque originals were swept out of existence by the speculative builder, in unholy alliance with the ground landlord; and we suggested some quaint bits still lingering in remote corners of the great city as tempting subjects for Mr. Way's dainty pencil. Within a few weeks of the publication of our article on the subject we are gratified by seeing before us a companion volume to "Reliques of Old London," called "Later Reliques of Old London," if possible more charming and attractive than its predecessor, and containing, amongst its twenty-four beautiful plates, views of the ancient houses suggested by us. Only 250 copies of the book are for sale, each copy being signed and numbered; and the possessor of the two series, with the third—of suburban views—which is promised as a sequel, may pride himself upon having in his library not only well-nigh perfect specimens of book-production, but most exquisitely artistic presentments of the few remaining survivals of domestic architecture of the London of our forefathers.

As before, the houses represented have, for the most part, no recorded history; and yet all of them are full of associations for those who know and love the great city. The frontage of the old Saracen's Head, within Aldgate (plate 3), may have stood much as it does now when honest John Stow kept his tailor's shop next door, or next door but one, and stood on his threshold to see the bailiff of Romford hanged before Aldgate Pump for a few light words uttered to the Puritan parson of St. Katharine Cree Church hard by. The squalid, unpicturesque house at the corner of Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, whose ugliness Mr. Way has discretely covered with a veil of darkness—as he has also the prosaic Hall of Clifford's Inn—stands opposite what in Tudor times was a "fair field," belonging to the great Priory of Holy Trinity, where the piety of the Churchmen had built a row of small cottages for bed-ridden people, "for in that street dwelt none other," and the charitable souls of the City would purposely walk that way to bestow their alms on the helpless tenants who lay in bed "within their window towards the street, open so low that every man might see them, a clean cloth lying in their window, and a pair of beads, to show that they could only pray;" whilst on the other side of the street, where this squalid house stands, beyond the city wall and ditch, stretched far away the

sweet open fields and pleasant gardens, covered now by a swarming population of alien Jews and fierce chaffers. It is difficult to select for special praise particular specimens of Mr. Way's work; but the artist seems happiest when, as in the wide Mile End Road, he can get large atmospheric effects, and suggest, almost pathetically, the struggling relics of semi-rurality, amidst the grim surroundings of modern squalor. The three plates devoted to this thoroughfare are altogether excellent. The quaint Old Trinity Almshouses with the models of great Indianen on the piers, have happily been rescued recently from the destruction which threatened them, and their mellow primness will, it is hoped, temper the blatant vulgarity of Mile End Waste for many a long day to come. Mr. Way still further softens the hideousness of the surroundings, both in this plate and in that representing the curious row of five ancient wooden gabled houses further east; but the artist is at his best in the plate portraying that curious old survival the Vine tavern, standing alone between the pavement and the road, with the wall of the Trinity Almshouses in the foreground. Here there is movement as well as air, and the whole aspect of the scene is caught, instead of an architectural section of it alone. The old tavern must have grown up rather than have been built in its curious position. First a stall, hard by the Toll-gate, to serve horsemen and carters with drink as they passed, without the need of their alighting; then a booth, mayhap, and afterwards a timber shed; and so until the present ramshackle congeries of corners, with beams and planks all awry, but standing sturdily still four square to all the winds that blow. Towards the pavement a funny little squint-eyed shop-front stands, and facing the road there is, or used to be, a quaint rustic porch with a bench or two where wayfarers might sit and take the air—the air of the Mile End Road! Men of no more than middle age can recall a time when matrons who would have scorned to be seen entering any other tavern, had no scruple in accepting here their spouse's offer of hot elder wine and rusks at the Vine. We have taken up so much space in dwelling upon Mr. Way's East End bits that no more than a bare mention can be accorded to others equally charming. The glimpse of the Charterhouse; Field Court, Gray's Inn; Old Square, Lincoln's Inn; St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, and other survivals of old London are brought before us with absolute fidelity, and with an added suggestion of antiquity and quaintness which proves that the artist possesses a poetic temperament, in addition to his skill as a draughtsman. Mr. Wheatley's part has been done unobtrusively. There was indeed not much to be done from a literary point of view, for most of the houses have no history; but there is somehow lacking in the author's prose that keen sympathy with the past which is seen in every line of the artist's work. The book is one to covet if you possess it not, and to treasure if you do. We shall watch with interest for the appearance of the suburban series; and could fain desire one more set devoted to London. Material for the latter exists in abundance now, though possibly in a year or two the contrary may be the case.

#### "NAPOLEON THE MISUNDERSTOOD."

"Life of Napoleon III." By Archibald Forbes. London: Chatto.

IN the life of Napoleon III. we are confronted with an astounding, puzzling fact. We meet with a practically penniless adventurer, who was neither a great captain nor a great statesman, who came to Paris surreptitiously in the middle of 1848, and who by the end of 1852 was Emperor of the French. According to us, the first and foremost duty of the biographer is to show us how this feat, one of the most marvellous in contemporary history, was accomplished. Painstaking though Mr. Archibald Forbes' work is throughout, we cannot honestly say that he has done this. He has not shown us the groundswell of that Napoleonic gale which swept over Europe for nearly eighteen years; the groundswell that continued to roll after the storm-god who had raised the hurricane was in his grave, and when the surface of the European ocean of politics was once more apparently calm; the groundswell that

gradually rose to the upper currents again, and finally carried the "nephew of the god" to the Elysée and thence to the Tuileries.

Mr. Forbes could least of all afford to ignore this groundswell, or, to speak plainly, the influence of the Napoleonic legend, inasmuch as his book, on the face of it, is not intended for the class of readers who are likely to be familiar with it. We are not doing the famous war-correspondent an injustice in anticipating that to them the facts he has mastered and marshalled with so much ability will be as the shelved and faded photographs of a circle of dead-and-gone and almost-forgotten friends. Unless we are mistaken, the contents of Mr. Forbes' book originally appeared in serial form in a popular magazine either in America or in England. The ordinary clientèle of such periodicals must have their literary and historical food "chopped very fine," for their powers of mental assimilation are by no means proportionate to their appetites; and in this instance an exposé, however brief and concise, of the Napoleonic legend and its influence would have decidedly aided them in digesting not only the prologue to Louis Napoleon's elevation to, or usurpation of, the French throne—we leave the choice to Mr. Forbes himself—but the whole of the sequel to that elevation until within a few weeks of the fatal dénouement at Sedan. Instead of setting such digestible fare before the reader, Mr. Forbes has virtually given him a dish which may be described in three words of Disraeli, "Satisfaction without sustenance."

In extenuation of Mr. Forbes' omission, it should be said that he himself does not seem quite clear on the subject. "But in effect," he says, "at this time (1830) there existed no Bonapartist Party. The nominal head of the House of Napoleon was the Duke of Reichstadt, an Austrian prince living in Vienna under surveillance." We pass the "Austrian prince," albeit that we have a doubt whether the bulk of his readers will recognise in that "Austrian prince" the King of Rome, the son of Napoleon and Marie Louise. But what in the name of all that is historical made Mr. Forbes think that there was no Bonapartist Party at the time of Charles X.'s overthrow and Louis Philippe's accession? Is Mr. Forbes not aware that at the very moment that Talleyrand was absent for several days from Paris, and that he went in secret to Vienna, whence, but for the opposition of Metternich and his Imperial master, the maternal grandfather of the King of Rome, he would have brought the latter back with him? Is Mr. Forbes so forgetful of Talleyrand's character as not to surmise that the prince of plotters would not have ventured upon such a step if there had been no Bonapartist Party? What about the thousands of veterans and younger soldiers of "la grande armée" spread all over the land, who, like Sergeant Goguelat of Balzac's "Médecin de Campagne," told the epic of Napoleon's campaigns in every ingle-nook as well as by every drawing-room fire, and transformed the hero of those campaigns into a god?

Mr. Forbes' neglect in pointing this out constitutes, in our opinion, the main defect of his book. The Napoleonic legend, in its influence upon the people, both the masses and the classes, caused a revival of the scarcely slumbering craving for military glory almost at the very first appearance of the man who bore the magic name of the victor of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. "Your candidate does not stand the ghost of a chance," wrote an electioneering agent from the provinces, whither he had been sent by Lamoricière. "Even his name is against him. 'Cavaignac, Cavaignac,' said an elector to me, 'Cavaignac means nothing to Frenchmen. You say he has been in Africa, but I never heard of him. If his name were Geneviève de Brabant, or that of the four sons of Aymon, it might do; it would convey some kind of story, but, I repeat, that of Cavaignac conveys nothing at all. Napoleon, or even Bonaparte; à la bonne heure, that means something to me and to hundreds of thousands like me; there is a ring about it; it arouses echoes in one's mind and heart, the echoes of battle marches to which our fathers and grandfathers went to victory at Jena, at Austerlitz, at Marengo; to defeat also, as at Waterloo. Well, yes, Waterloo was a defeat, a defeat more glorious perhaps than a victory, but your General Cavaignac won't retrieve it, and a

second Napoleon may.' I am afraid," concluded the agent, "that this is the opinion of eleven-twelfths of the electors." Even after the terrible lessons of 1870-71, the craving for military supremacy has remained. In fact, had we to describe the chief characteristics of the French in a few words we should say "greed and glory." On conditions of having both those cravings pandered to, they would accept Cæsarism to-day, and no one knows this better than the present Powers who, if the truth were known, carefully abstain from war, because they are more afraid of a victorious general than of a defeated one. Cæsarism, of which Napoleon III. was the heir, is fatally bound to do something. Almost at the outset of his personal reign, even before the Imperial crown rested on his head, the ex-prisoner of Ham had begun to transform the threatened commercial and industrial decadence of France into a dawning prosperity; but that was not enough—there was still the outstanding revanche against Russians, Englishmen, Austrians, and Germans, that had to be settled also. Mr. Forbes, we are afraid, has not sufficiently explained this to his readers. "Louis Napoleon was a man of very considerable ability, and it is possible enough that he would have been a stable sovereign but for the restless ambition that possessed his soul," he writes. "His life was one of constant plotting and scheming, occasionally, it is true—as in the cession to him by Victor Emanuel of Nice and Savoy—with substantial if unscrupulous results, but more often with a futile or disastrous outcome to his projects." We expected a less conventional view of Napoleon from a writer of Mr. Forbes' calibre and experience. The ambition, the plotting, were forced upon the nephew of Napoleon the Great by the French nation, which would not allow him the assumption of his uncle's inheritance "sous bénéfice d'inventaire;" in other words, who insisted upon that inheritance being accepted "en bloc" or not at all. Nevertheless, Mr. Forbes' book is at any rate a respectable contribution to elementary biography.

#### FICTION.

"The Son of a Peasant." By Edward McNulty. London: Arnold.

THE only hard thing that we can find to say of Mr. Edward McNulty's new book is that it will probably give occasion for rejoicings to the tedious prophets of the Celtic Renaissance. We do not, it is true, remember whether Mr. William Sharpe has yet discovered the author of "Misther O'Ryan," but it seems probable that in the midst of his endeavours to prove that Shakespeare and Milton—or was it Dante and Balzac?—were the forerunners of that Renaissance, Mr. Sharpe has not had time to consider an author so simply and unostentatiously Celtic, alike in his matter and his methods. "The Son of a Peasant," however, is hardly likely to escape Mr. Sharpe's praise, and that, we repeat, is the worst we can say of it. But it will survive all that the Renaissance-mongers can do to it; for, to speak soberly, this is one of the best novels we have encountered for a long time. Its autochthonic humour is of the frankest and raciest kind, reeking of the soil; its pathos is so restrained and subtle that the acute tragedy in which it suddenly culminates declares itself inevitable, predestinate; and in point of sheer craftsmanship the book is as well constructed and well written as one could wish.

"The Laughter of Jove." By Helmuth Schwarze. London: Richards.

Cuthbert Stapylton's was no ordinary nature. He combined an intense capability for love and devotion with an almost equally intense instinct of purity. So, at least, Mr. Schwarze says, and he ought to know. But, unluckily for Stapylton's purity, he had a mistress. This was the Marchesa del Castro, and she had a beautiful oval face with eyes of tender blue and teeth of dazzling ivory. And this woman's mouth—Mr. Schwarze is still our authority—was small and mean, with thick animal lips, while the lines around suggested anything but sincerity or gentleness. She was married, of course, and Stapylton addressed her in these remarkable words, "Away from you, every hour spent is one of suffering: your every expression, the turn of your head, the raising of your eyes, are all burnt in on my brain. I am sick



with this fearful love. Flavia, I must have satisfaction. You must be my wife." Hereupon he groaned, and it is not surprising to learn that Flavia promptly threw him over, and took his most intimate friend as his successor. So he went away and became delightfully misanthropical, and took no interest in anything until he met Harold Dalmayne, an attractive youth, with no moral character to speak of, who occupied himself in getting engaged to all the pretty girls he met. Stapylton, therefore, began to take an interest in life again, and fell in love with Harold's sister just as she, very imprudently, married Sir Guy Mortimer. Finally, having discovered that Harold had taken up with Flavia (who by this time was obliged to dye her hair and paint her face) he turned his back on the world once more, and became a monk. We should like to think that he is happy at last, but inasmuch as Miss Val Potter, an American palmist, discovered a prophecy of suicide in his hand, we have grave doubts on the subject. And people who like split infinitives, and reflections on Life, and Society, and the Devil, quite in Miss Corelli's best style, will find all that they want here. But what Jove—whose portrait is on the cover—found to laugh at in the whole proceedings, we cannot for the life of us discover.

"The Tormentor." By Benjamin Swift. London: Unwin.

We have brought to bear on the consideration of this curious book all our traditional good nature and industry and readiness to be pleased. We have read it in all possible ways and attitudes; but the result is still considerable uncertainty as to the author's intention. Our first impression, that the book was merely a grotesque practical joke, has been dismissed, for Mr. Swift proves himself so diligent a student of George Meredith that we are unwilling to suspect him of such levity. We prefer, in common charity, to think that he has seriously attempted an ambitious variation on a familiar, but none the less artistic scheme, and has failed of its accomplishment. The scheme is the revelation of the tragedies of wrong-doing, squalid or weird, that lurk beneath the quiet surface of village life; the variation resides in the introduction of a rustic Mephistopheles who is also his own Faust. Jacob Bristol, otherwise the Tormentor, is presented as a creature of fascinating malignity. He lays bare the secret shame of the most respected inhabitants of the district, and blackmails them in very spirited fashion; he seduces his ward, and thrashes his ward's brother, in apparently unconscious imitation of the duel in "Faust;" he ill-treats his blind father, and generally accumulates a long record of disgrace. The story is certainly told with constructive skill and an artistic show of candour, but it fails entirely to convey any genuine thrill of emotion. It is all meant to be very weird and terrible and creepy, but, for our own part, we decline to creep. One section of the book—that which shows how his passion for Jessie Ring gradually undermines the strength of Bristol's character—is executed with distinct power, but it is not sufficient to redeem the book as a whole from the charge of flat incredibility.

"The Making of Matthias." By J. S. Fletcher. London: Lane.

"The Making of Matthias" is one of those presently fashionable studies in the evolution of a child's mind under the influence of an environment of nature, for which the late Richard Jefferies may justly be held responsible. The one consummate masterpiece of this order was achieved, it is true, by an artist of a very different kind; we mean, of course, Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill." Though Mr. Fletcher's book is to this story as the crude sketch to the finished drawing, we can give it no higher praise than the admission that in tenderness and delicacy of fancy, and sympathy with a child's imaginings, it is not unworthy of comparison with Stevenson's wonderful tale.

"Verisimilitudes." By Rudolf Dircks. London: Unicorn Press.

"Verisimilitudes" is a by no means unsuccessful essay in the latest convention of the modern story-

writer, whose consistent endeavour it is to express complex tragedy in the terms of simple comedy. It is plain that Mr. Dircks has studied the methods of the two masters in this kind, Mr. George Gissing and the late Hubert Crackenthorpe, and if every story in the book were of equal value with "Ellen" and "The Upshot," we should be able to declare that Mr. Dircks was a worthy third to the two artists named. Unfortunately, in the other stories which compose the book, the author, seeking simplicity, has only achieved triviality, and his matter is as flimsy as his method. Nevertheless, the book is more than worth the trouble of reading it, and the Unicorn Press is to be congratulated on publishing it.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

IF popular interest in the affairs of the Rand has been weaned by the golden legends of the Far West, the name of Mr. H. M. Stanley has still sufficient magic to ensure a respectful attention for his new volume, "Through South Africa," which Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing. It comprises the series of letters contributed to "South Africa," in which the author narrates his recent visits to Johannesburg and Bulawayo: the material has undergone careful revision, and is accompanied by an introduction and several illustrations.

Mr. Stanley Weyman appears to have definitely forsaken the picturesque period of Henry of Navarre for the more subtle if more prosaic days of our post-Stuart sovereigns. And herein Mr. Weyman is well advised. The novel reader is becoming weary of dished-up Dumas, and is no longer satisfied with the variations on the Berault-D'Auriac tune. There is a steady trend towards actuality and modernism, and the probable successor of the Jingo-chivalry school appears to be the pseudo-political in the style of "Coningsby."

One of the most notable biographies of this season is "The Life, Writings and Correspondence of George Borrow," which Mr. Murray is producing. The work has been compiled by Professor W. G. Knapp, who has spared no pains in making it thoroughly comprehensive, even to the extent of visiting the scenes described by Borrow.

The verse translation of Dante's "Inferno," which Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton is publishing through Mr. Grant Richards, is an endeavour to give, as near as possible, a line-for-line rendering. The author's object has been to preserve what he terms "the three main metrical factors in Dante's work," viz., the spirit of the Terzina, or intellectual division of the verse into groups of three, or of multiples of three; the eleventh, or, as we should call it in respect to iambic verse, the feminine syllable, at the end of each line; and "the chain of the rhyme."

The protracted delay in the publication of Mr. Fred. T. Jane's book on "All the World's Fighting Ships" has not been without compensation, for the present crisis in the East will indubitably give an added zest to all naval records. The work includes some 400 illustrations of men-of-war of all nations, and the descriptive letterpress is printed in English, French, German and Italian. Messrs. Sampson Low, who are publishing it, propose to bring out such a volume every year.

Messrs. George Bell's "Ex-Libris" series is to be completed by the volume on German book-plates, for which Mr. G. R. Dennis and Dr. Heinrich Pallmann are responsible. The work is elaborately illustrated, both in colour and in black and white, with reproductions from the works of the principal old and modern masters, chiefly taken from the collection of the Graf zu Leiningen-Westerburg.

The "Life of Sir Charles Tilston Bright," one of the founders of the transatlantic telegraph system, is being prepared by Messrs. Constable for early publication. The joint-authors, Messrs. E. Brailston Bright and Charles Bright, have been largely assisted in their task by the diary which the inventor kept during the most

eventful years of his career. Some portraits, maps and illustrations will be included in the two volumes, which will be issued at three guineas net.

The publication of Mr. Holmes's "History of the Indian Mutiny" has passed into the hands of Messrs. Macmillan. Their revised and enlarged edition, which has been delayed by the strike in Edinburgh, has been reset, and contains new maps and plans.

A selected portion of the library of Lord Waterpark, and several other private collections, form the features of an important sale at Messrs. Sotheby's next Thursday. Among the items are first editions of the works of Meredith, Hardy, Lever and other modern authors; books of hours, breviaries and Bibles, and rare books and tracts on America, and on gardening, falconry, horsemanship and fencing.

The travels and impressions of Colonel Trotter, during his term of office in connexion with the Niger Delimitation Commission, are being issued in book-form by Messrs. Methuen. Some maps of the district and other drawings are included.

"Australia's First Preacher" is the title of Mr. James Bonwick's biography of the premier chaplain to the Colony of New South Wales. The Rev. Richard Johnson, who forms the subject, sailed for Botany Bay with Governor Phillips in January, 1787. The book is to be produced immediately by Messrs. Sampson Low.

A "History of Canada" has been completed by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, for Messrs. Kegan Paul, to which is appended a note dealing with the North American and Imperial Acts.

Messrs. Putnam's are at length ready with the second volume of Mr. Andrew's "Historical Development of Modern Europe."

Messrs. Longman are issuing, in a single volume, a complete edition of Jean Ingelow's poems.

Mr. George Meredith's three odes "in contribution to the Song of French History," which are to appear in the March, April and May numbers of "Cosmopolis," are respectively entitled "The Revolution," "Napoleon" and "Alsace-Lorraine."

Among Messrs. Kegan Paul's forthcoming volumes is a new edition of "The Life of William Hogarth," by Mr. Austin Dobson. It has been largely added to and revised, and contains a complete bibliography and reproductions of the artist's masterpieces.

Mr. Andrew Lang is engaged upon a work dealing with the beginnings of religion. This is very amazing!

(For This Week's Books see page 186.)

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The following particulars are taken from a statement by R. R. Cable, Esq., the president of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway Company.

The New Mortgage provides that none of the existing Bonds shall be extended at maturity, but that they shall be retired, so that thereafter the New Bonds will be secured by a First Mortgage on all the railroad property and real estate of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway Company, including its railroad, terminals at Chicago and other points and equipment; and also its leases, all as is more fully specified in the mortgage.

The Capital Stock of the Company on March 31, 1897, was ..... \$46,156,000

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The interest on the bonded debt was ..... 3,321,525

The surplus income for the year was ..... \$1,443,596.27

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Anarchism (E. V. Zenker). Methuen. 7s. 6d.  
Antiquary, The (February).  
Argosy, The (February).  
Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers (Albert S. Cook). Macmillan. 17s.  
Blue Diamonds, The (Leila Bousted). White. 1s.  
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Celebrities, Social Hours with (Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne) (Vols. I. and II.) Ward & Downey. 32s.  
Century Magazine, The (February).  
Chemical Experiments (G. H. Wyatt). Rivingtons.  
China with a Camera, Through (John Thomson). Constable. 21s.  
Christian Ideal, The (J. G. Rogers). J. Bowden. 1s. 6d.  
Christian Institutions (A. V. G. Allen). Clark. 12s.  
Contemporary Review, The (February).  
Dekorative Kunst. Grevel.  
Der Stil (Georg Hirth). Grevel.  
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Diplomatic Handbook for Africa, The (Count C. Kinsky). Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.  
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Fight for the Crown, The (W. E. Norris). Seeley. 6s.  
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Fortnightly Review, The (February).  
France (John E. C. Bodley) (Vols. I. and II.). Macmillan. 21s.  
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Genealogical Magazine, The (February).  
Gladstone Colony, The (James F. Hogan). Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.  
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National Review, The (February).  
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The Debenture Stock will be redeemable at 105 per cent. at any time after 1 January, 1908, at the option of the Company on six months' notice, and will be secured by a First Mortgage to the Trustees on the Freeholds and Fixed Plant, and a floating charge on the Stock, Stores, Patent Rights, Movable Plant, Unfinished Work, and other Assets of the Company, including its Uncalled Capital.

*The whole of the Preference and Ordinary Shares and Debenture Stock are now offered for subscription, payable as follows:—*

**PREFERENCE AND ORDINARY SHARES**, 2s. 6d. on application; 7s. 6d. on allotment; and the balance at the expiration of one month after allotment.

**DEBENTURE STOCK**, 10 per cent. on application; 40 per cent. on allotment; and the balance at the expiration of one month after allotment.

£250,000 will be set apart for Working Capital and the construction of new Works.

## TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

CHARLES HOARE, Esq., 37 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. T. MARRIOTT, Q.C.

## SOLICITORS TO TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

Messrs. FRERE, CHOLMELEY & Co., 28 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

## DIRECTORS.

ADMIRAL SIR H. F. NICHOLSON, K.C.B., Late Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, and late Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

H. McCALMONT, M.P. (Director of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited).

\*F. ELGAR, LL.D., F.R.S. (Director of the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited).

CHARLES CAMMELL (Director of CHARLES CAMMELL & Co., Limited, Sheffield, of the Harvey Steel Company of Great Britain, Limited, and of the Harvey Continental Steel Company, Limited).

COLONEL PAGET MOSLEY (Chairman of Trafford Park Estates, Limited).

\*T. PERCEVAL WILSON (Chairman of EASTON, ANDERSON & GOOLDEN, Limited), *a Managing Director.*

\*H. K. BAYNES (Director of EASTON, ANDERSON & GOOLDEN, Limited), *a Managing Director.*

\* Will join the Board after Allotment.

## SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.

Messrs. GOLDING & HARGROVE, 99 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

## BANKERS.

Messrs. HOARE, 37 Fleet Street, London, E.C., and their Agents WILLIAMS' DEACON and MANCHESTER AND

SALFORD BANK, LIMITED, Manchester; THE BANK OF LIVERPOOL, LIMITED, Liverpool; and  
THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

**BROKERS.**

Messrs. WESTMACOTT, ESCOMBE & CO., 2 Copthall Court, E.C.

**AUDITORS.**

Messrs. W. B. PEAT & CO., 3 Lothbury, London, E.C.

**SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.**

W. E. DAVIES, BROAD SANCTUARY CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.

**PROSPECTUS.**

This Company is formed for the purposes defined by the Memorandum of Association, including powers—

- (1.) To manufacture and sell Guns, Gun Carriages, Ammunition and War Material, and to carry on business as Electrical, Hydraulic, Mining and General Engineers.
- (2.) To acquire a Licence dated 19 November, 1897, granted by Messrs. Schneider & Co., of Creusot and Havre, the celebrated Manufacturers of Guns and War Material, to Manufacture and sell the Schneider-Canet Artillery.

The basis on which this Company is formed involves a new departure, in that the Agreements referred to below give the practical advantages of an amalgamation of the Associated Firms so far as the securing of orders is concerned, while avoiding the necessity of raising the very large capital which would be required by an amalgamation in the ordinary sense of the term.

The Manufactories of Messrs. Schneider & Co. at Creusot and Havre are, as is well known, the largest of the kind in France, employing some 15,000 Workmen, and occupying in France a position similar to that of Messrs. Krupp in Germany, and Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Limited, in Great Britain.

The Schneider-Canet Artillery is extensively used in the French Army and Navy, and has been supplied to other Governments, including those of Brazil, Chili, Japan, Greece, and Portugal.

It is well known that the profits on the manufacture of War Material are large. The business is at present in a very few hands; and, the reputation of the Schneider-Canet Artillery throughout the world being equal to that of any other type, the Directors are of opinion that a large and profitable business can be done by this Company. At the present time there is a great and increasing demand for Guns and War Material.

Under the terms of the Licence this Company will have the full benefit of the experience of Messrs. Schneider & Co., who undertake to furnish Working Drawings and Designs and Particulars of Trials, and to afford every facility for the economical execution of orders.

This Company is, therefore, saved the heavy expense of a separate and costly expert staff, and is consequently on very favourable terms as regards competition.

The Licence leaves this Company free to construct Artillery of any design for the British and Colonial Governments, and Guns in accordance with the Government requirements will be constructed, and submitted for trial.

Agreements have been secured for co-operation with the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited, of Govan and Glasgow, and also for the supply by Thomas Firth & Sons, Limited, of Sheffield, of the Steel which will be required for the manufacture of Guns and other purposes, so that the Company, in conjunction with the Companies above-mentioned, will be in a position to take orders for the Construction and Complete Equipment of Battle Ships of the largest size, and generally to undertake contracts of any magnitude.

The Agreements in question provide that each of the Associated Companies shall use its influence to secure orders for and promote the business of the others. This Company is thus at once furnished with representatives throughout the world, and placed in an unusually favourable position for the early securing of remunerative orders, while its capital is comparatively so small that the results should be specially satisfactory.

In order to lessen the delay inseparable from the establishment of new Works, the Company have arranged for the purchase as a going concern of the entire Business and undertaking of Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Limited, the well-known Engineers of Erith and London.

The Erith Works of Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Limited, are admirably adapted for the purposes of



this Company. Their situation and extent, and the condition and value of the Plant, Machinery, and Works, are fully detailed in the Report of Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons & Cassell to the Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders of Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Limited; a copy of which, together with a copy of the same firm's Supplemental Report to the Directors of this Company, and of Messrs. W. B. Peat & Co.'s Certificate as regards the other Assets of the Concern, accompany this Prospectus.

Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons & Cassell report as regards the Plant and Machinery that, "with the exception perhaps of the Locomotive Works of the larger Railway Companies and the Royal Dockyards, it comprises the finest and most costly collection of Engineer's machine tools to be found in the South of England, and is in admirable working order."

They value the Freehold Engineering Works with Fixed and Loose Plant  
(exclusive of goodwill) at ... .. £202,257 0 0

While Messrs. W. B. Peat & Co. certify that in addition to the items included  
in the above valuation the Stocks and Stores and other Assets of the  
undertaking (particulars of which are specified in their Certificate) were  
valued in the Books of the Company at 30 June, 1897 (exclusive of  
Goodwill), at ... .. 154,955 11 4

Making the Total Property and Assets of Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Ltd. £357,212 11 4

Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Limited, possesses one of the oldest Engineering businesses in the Country, and its reputation for first-class work extends to all parts of the world, and as Contractors to the Home and Foreign Governments for many years it has acquired great experience in the manufacture of Gun Mountings, Gun Carriages, and War Material.

In addition to the Manufacture of Ordnance and War Material, the Company will continue, develop, and extend the General Engineering business of Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Limited, and in connexion therewith special attention will be devoted to Electrical Traction and Electrical Transmission of Power, in both of which branches there will undoubtedly be great developments both at home and abroad in the immediate future. Several important schemes are now under consideration, and will be carefully examined.

The Works Manager certifies that the Orders now on the books which have been taken over by this Company will keep the existing works fully employed for a period of six months.

The additional Plant required for the production of Guns, &c., will be put down immediately; and, as a considerable amount of the work can be executed at Erith, special arrangements have been made with one of the first Tool-makers in Manchester for expediting the construction of the Plant in question.

The Vendor, who is selling at a profit, has fixed the aggregate purchase money for the Licence and Properties before referred to at £550,000, and guarantees the subscription of the said sum of £250,000 for working capital and construction of Works.

The several Companies above referred to, or some of them, have in the course of their respective businesses entered into numerous trade and other Contracts, the benefits whereof and the obligations whereunder may, and in the case of Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Limited, whose business is wholly acquired, must necessarily affect this Company. Full particulars of such Contracts cannot be set out within the limits of this Prospectus, and it is not considered that the 38th Section of the Companies Act of 1867 can be deemed to apply thereto. Subscribers for Share Capital under this Prospectus shall by their application expressly waive and be deemed to waive all right (if any) to disclosure or production of Contracts other than those above referred to and designated *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e*.

The last-mentioned Agreement provides for the purchase of the undertaking and assets of Easton Anderson & Goolden, Limited, as a going concern as from 31 December, 1897, subject to its debts, liabilities and contracts, except its debenture issues and share capital account, which last-mentioned liabilities will be discharged by Easton, Anderson & Goolden, Limited, out of the purchase money.

Application will in due course be made to the London Stock Exchange for a settlement and official quotation.

Where the number of Shares or amount of Debenture Stock allotted is less than applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited towards the amount payable on allotment. In cases where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares and Debentures respectively can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and at the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

Dated February, 1898.

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